LIBRARY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1933 No. 3536

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 385
EDITORIALS:
The Farm Subsidy 387
Back to Barbarism. 388
The Missouri Pacific Failure 389
Embargoes and Law 389
Is This a System? 390
CARTOON. By Carl Rose 391
ISSUES AND MEN. THE FOLLY OF ADOLF HITLER. By Oswald Garrison Villard 392
WILL AUSTRIA GO FASCIST? By John Gunther 393
THE HONEYMOON IS OVER. By Paul Y. Anderson 395
THE STARVATION ARMY. By John Kazarian 396
WHAT HAS ROOSEVELT ACCOMPLISHED? By Norman Thomas 399
SAVING OUR SOIL. By E. A. Sherman 401
SOCRATIC DIALOGUE. By George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind 403
WHAT I BELIEVE. By Ellen Glasgow 404
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 406
CORRESPONDENCE 407

SPRING BOOK SECTION

(JAMES) BRANCH CABELL. By Clifton Fadiman 409
THIS AMBER SUNSTREAM. By Mark Van Doren 411
PRELUDE. By Conrad Aiken 411
BOOKS:
The Twilight of Capitalist Democracy. By Henry Hazlitt . . . 411
The Fourth Generation. By Joseph Warren Beach 412
Cummings's Non-land of Un-. By William Troy 413
The Tolstoy Menage. By Dorothy Brewster 413
The Americanization of Karl Marx. By Benjamin Stolberg . . . 414
The World and the Egotist. By Dorothy Van Doren 415
Jews Without Judaism. By Granville Hicks 415
The Technique of Listening. By Kenneth Burke 416
Saint Villa. By Carleton Beals 416
Our Own Montmartyrs. By Arthur Warner 418
Resurgent Israel. By Marvin Lowenthal 419
A Revolutionist's Handbook. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 420
Films: A Hollywood Trio. By William Troy 421
Some Notable Spring Books 422
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 428

BOARD OF EDITORS

ERNEST GRUENING FREDA KIRCHWEY
HENRY HAZLITT JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARGARET MARSHALL MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $5.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE MOST ABSURD, and at the same time the most dangerous, unemployment-relief plan yet proposed has come from the Navy Department. This is the Swanson-Vinson scheme for spending $230,000,000 during the next three years for new naval construction, on the ground that 85 per cent of this amount would go toward payment of wages to labor. The plan "may sound fantastic," said Representative Vinson. And indeed it does. But he was referring especially to his unsupported assertion that the unemployed would be the principal beneficiaries. Labor would get much less than 85 per cent—unless the armor-plate manufacturers have suddenly become altruists. But the scheme is fantastic for more important reasons. Consider the anomaly involved in spending money on engines of mass murder and destruction, on the pretext that the expenditure will serve humanitarian ends. A battle cruiser costing $15,000,000 results in no social gain other than the highly dubious one of adding to the profits of the munitions-makers. The same money spent on a housing project would also give work and wages to labor. But the benefits would not stop there. To provide decent, sanitary living quarters for working-class families would be an enduring gain for society as a whole. The navy building scheme is winning impressive support in Congress. The President must act at once if he wishes to halt this insane plan.

MEANWHILE big-navy propaganda is flooding the country. The newsreels are particularly flamboyant in their militarist appeals. In fact, a recent Pathé newsreel was flagrant enough to bring into this office protests by letter and telephone and word of mouth. The picture showed the naval maneuvers of the United States in the Pacific. As the reel unwound, a speaker presented a running comment to the effect that the maneuvers revealed the comparative weakness of the American navy. He explained that the United States had failed to build to the strength permitted under the London treaty and asserted, according to our informants, that the Japanese have now developed a navy equal to that of the United States in ships and far ahead in air equipment. He stated that President Roosevelt favored the building up of the navy and urged his listeners to write to their representatives in Congress and demand that they support Secretary Swanson. Newsreels reach each week an audience of probably 6,000,000 people. They are free as a Hearst newspaper to stir up jingoism and militarism. There is no use trying to check their incitements by censorship, which carries with it worse evils than it prevents. But if the newsreel in question misrepresented Mr. Roosevelt's position—as we earnestly hope it did—he should demand that a retraction be made in every theater that showed it. The world's peace is too frail a fabric to be left in such irresponsible hands.

A NECESSARY FIRST STEP in any genuine reform of our banking system is the elimination of the State banks and the uniform control of all commercial banks by one federal law instead of by forty-nine laws which create a competition in laxity. *The Nation* has advocated the immediate submission by Congress of a constitutional amendment compelling State banks to reorganize under national charters. The drawback is that it would require not only a two-thirds' majority vote by both houses of Congress, but ratification by three-fourths of the State legislatures; and the sentiment for State rights, together with the powerful vested interests involved, would make the success of such an amendment slow at best and perhaps impossible. For this reason the recent opinion by Walter Wyatt, chief counsel for the Federal Reserve Board, must be given the most serious consideration. Mr. Wyatt holds that the constitutional powers to create a national banking system, to provide a national currency, and to regulate interstate commerce imply the powers to preserve the existence and promote the efficiency of that national banking system, to preserve the full benefits of the currency, and to remove burdens and obstructions to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interstate commerce; and that Congress may eliminate the State banks on the ground that their existence, and the competing laws under which they are organized, threaten these objectives. He points out that Congress imposed a prohibitive tax of 10 per cent in 1866 on the circulating notes of State banks. Following that precedent, it could now impose a similar prohibitive tax on checks of State banks, which at present form the bulk of the circulating medium. His opinion is plausible enough, certainly, to be tested through the immediate enactment of legislation to that end.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S BILL for the regulation of security sales, to be sure, locks the barn door after the horse has been stolen. But the investment bankers, should they return for the foals and colts of a new and unwarier generation, are likely to find themselves locked within. The unbridled individualism which has cost the American people such vast sums is to yield to the less dramatic and more civilized ways of the mother country where getting money under false pretenses means jail, no matter how aristocratic and mighty the false pretenders. But may it not be that some loot is still recoverable? Was Charlie Mitchell the only financier who wrote off a half-million-dollar income tax by a sale to a relative? Isn't that an unwarranted aspersion on the ingenuity of a whole generation of financial giants? A little digging may lead a financially hard-pressed government to the discovery that there's still gold in them thar tills.

NEW YORK STATE has established a precedent of potential importance in making a utility company's labor policies subject to regulation if they affect the company's service or rates. So the New York Public Service Commission has ruled in the first decision of its kind, rendered in answer to complaints against the Brooklyn Edison Company. That company's record of increasing dividends and surplus contrasts with its discharge of thousands of employees and wage reductions for those who remain, while consumption has remained constant and rates have not been reduced. Thus capital has been favored at the expense of both consumer and worker. The decision may be regarded as a potential social gain. Yet with large interpretative loopholes in plain view, and the prospect of extended litigation, first before the commission, and then, should it rule against the company, before the courts, the public may merely have scored one more Pyrrhic victory.

BY WHAT POSSIBLE PROCESS of rationalization can the British government defend its attitude toward the arrest on charges of espionage and sabotage of six British engineers in Moscow? First it protested; Russia must release its nationals. Then it halted negotiations for a new trade agreement. Then it summoned the British ambassador home for consultations. Now Mr. MacDonald proposes trade reprisals unless the trial is called off or satisfactorily concluded. In the face of this preposterous behavior the Soviet government stands pat. Russia is a sovereign state and no principle of extraterritoriality applies within her borders; naturally the Soviet authorities have announced that the trial will proceed. Behind British arrogance a policy undoubtedly lurks, although for the moment it is obscured by official bluster. Soviet observers believe, according to Walter Duranty, that the British are attempting to prejudice American opinion against Russia. But in the event of a trade war between England and Russia large commercial advantages would be reaped by a nation which adopted a friendly policy; we suspect that such considerations might weigh with American business men and even conceivably with the Administration.

HAVING SERVED its immediate purpose in easing the tension in Europe, the MacDonald-Mussolini plan is now in the process of being watered down. The French are willing to accept the draft agreement only as a "basis for discussion." They want any agreement that may finally be reached to be so written as to give Poland and the Little Entente concrete assurance that their political sovereignty and territorial integrity will be adequately safeguarded. In effect, Paris is saying to London and Rome that there will be no treaty revision until France gives the word and then only on France's terms. The British, too, have modified their position. Since the particular crisis has been surmounted and the danger of war lessened a trifle, the British seem to feel that they now can qualify whatever direct or implied promises they made to the Italians when the panic-stricken Ramsay MacDonald hastened off to Rome to prevent the union of the two fascist Powers, Italy and Germany. Instead of having the four great Powers take the initiative in working for a peaceful revision of the treaties, the British now would have them merely guarantee, to quote the Chicago *Daily News*, "that if any other Power wishes to raise the question, then the four Powers would be pledged to see that it receives a fair and adequate hearing on the floor of the League under Article XIX." All of which would leave Europe precisely where it is today.

OPPOSITION TO WAR is mounting among those who have always been its indispensable and willing dupes—the young men. Once only timid mothers and queer ducks dared run the risk of being called cowards; now pacifism of a new and bold sort is appearing in the best-regulated schools and colleges. At Oxford a few weeks ago 750 students declared that "this house [the Oxford Union] will under no circumstances fight for king and country." With this example before it, the Brown University *Daily Herald* at Providence, Rhode Island, recently announced a nation-wide campaign against war. Undergraduates in 145 colleges and universities are to be asked to pledge themselves not to bear arms except in case of invasion of the mainland of the United States by an enemy nation, and to work actively to organize the whole world on a peace basis. As an immediate gesture a petition against war signed by Brown University students is to be presented to the President and Congress. The petition is a practical, hard-headed document. It declares that war is futile and destructive, that civilization cannot stand the shock of another conflict. "We believe," it goes on, "that the united refusal of the youth of America to bear arms, except in case of invasion, will do much to prevent war." It was inevitable, of course, that an automatic patriot should pop up like a jack-in-the-box and bawl "Communist plot!" at the *Daily Herald*. William A. Needham, a Brown alumnus and World War veteran, declared that the campaign was backed by Communists and constituted disloyalty and "perhaps treason" to the United States. And the State House of Representatives voted to investigate. The editors of the *Herald* have said that they will not be intimidated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY a poll on war yielded interesting results. It was voluntary, and 920 students registered their opinions. Of this number 293 stated that they would under no circumstances go to war and 485 only in case of invasion; 38 were willing to fight to protect United States citizens or investments abroad, and 81 were willing to fight for their country, right or wrong; 464 stated that they would willingly suffer imprisonment for their convictions. On the other side of the country, at Stanford University, the intercollegiate conference representing seven universities and colleges in the San Francisco Bay region passed the following resolution: "This group, believing it is unnecessary and absurd to settle political or economic disputes between nations by violence, will refuse to be conscripted into any war service whatsoever." In the last war conscientious objectors refused to fight on religious and moral grounds. In the chaotic and instructive years since 1918 the emphasis has shifted to the futility and stupidity of war—concrete arguments which carry more force than moral abstractions to a generation raised on disillusion. When young men refuse to fight, war must cease. May our universities turn into jails when next the old men decide that "war must come"!

TO SAVE EXPENSE for North Carolina counties, and to "solve the problem of overcrowded jails," a bill to revive the whipping post has been introduced in the State legislature by J. N. Vann of Hertford. Back of this measure is the incisive argument that a leather whip costs little and lasts a long time, while the feeding of prisoners runs into money and increases taxes at a time when any tax is a hardship. Prisoners convicted of misdemeanors, by the provisions of the bill, would receive from ten to twenty lashes applied upon the naked back by a sheriff or deputy in the presence of at least two witnesses. Mr. Vann could improve this legislation and make everybody concerned happy—except perhaps the persons whipped—by admitting an unlimited number of witnesses and charging an admission fee, which would reduce county taxes still further.

ON THE SUBJECT OF BEER the wets and the drys seem now to have reached a highly unsatisfactory compromise. Henceforth, we understand, beer is to be legal without ceasing to be just a little bit immoral, and the result will be one which all who understand the psychology of the American people should find it easy to anticipate. Thousands of barrels will be stoically consumed by persons who really don't like the taste of the stuff, and if it is physically possible to get drunk upon the feeble brew, drunk they will get. Inherently, beer is not much more dangerous than soda water. Very few people actually want enough of it to do themselves any kind of harm and, quart for quart, it is probably far less deleterious to the human insides than lemon pop. But while no one has any reason for drinking more lemon pop than he really craves, cautious moralists of all sorts have been very busy attempting to surround beer with the charm of a kind of 3.2 per cent devilishness. No sophomore will dare to confess that he prefers malted milk, and even girls, we suspect, will accept with fortitude one more painful edict of fashion. Of course, it will not be as bad as the cocktail mania. We doubt if any serious harm will be done. But we pity a younger generation compelled to drink so much more than it wants of something it probably does not want at all.

The Farm Subsidy

THE more the farm-relief bill is studied, the more indefensible its chief provisions are seen to be. Stripped to its essentials, it is a bill to take away a billion or so dollars a year from three-fourths of the population and pay it over to the other fourth. Even this could be defended if it could be shown that practically all of the three-fourths from whom the funds were taken were better off than practically all of the one-fourth to whom they were given, and if the three-fourths were taxed in some relation to their individual ability to pay and the one-fourth were subsidized in some relation to their individual need. The measure makes no pretense, however, of fulfilling any of these conditions. The subsidized fourth are to receive bonuses in proportion to their "domestic" crops—in other words, the larger the farm, that is, the wealthier the farmer, the larger the bonus. The other three-fourths are to be taxed by the most indefensible tax ever levied by any government in modern times—a sales tax of 100 to 200 per cent on the necessaries of life and, with the exception of tobacco, *only* on the necessaries of life. This measure is being forced through in the name of liberalism by a liberal President who rejected a general sales tax of 2¼ per cent exempting foodstuffs. If a subsidy is to be paid to one-fourth of our population, the one demand that must be made in common decency is that it be raised by an increase in the income, inheritance, and corporation taxes, and not by a tax that must fall on underpaid workers and the unemployed.

As we go to press, not a single objectionable feature of the farm bill has been removed, unless we count the exclusion of sheep and cattle from its benefits. The bonus is now to be paid to the growers of seven crops, and must be paid by, among others, the growers of scores of other crops. It still aims to restore and perpetuate the price relationship of a five-year period when that relationship was peculiarly favorable to agriculture. It pretends that you can get a reduction of crops by endowing the people who raise the crops. It gives the Secretary of Agriculture discretionary powers never before held in peace time by any individual in our government, and ignores the tremendous and unrelenting pressure that will be brought upon him by the interests to be benefited. The President promises that he will advise the repeal of this bill if it does not work. To this Professor Kemmerer of Princeton has raised the question of how effective this advice would be likely to be in obtaining repeal after the special vested interests which the bill created had become well established. "What President since the Civil War," asks Professor Kemmerer, "could have swept away the excessive rates of our highly protective tariffs? How many times has there existed in the history of our national pension legislation a period extending over even one month when a President of the United States could accomplish the remarkable feat which Mr. Roosevelt recently accomplished in his economy act?"

The farm-relief bill returns to the principles of subsidy that have failed with the Farm Board and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It only remains to add that in the long run, when the plan has collapsed, the greatest sufferers from it will probably be the very farmers whom the bill sought to subsidize.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back to Barbarism

BY their own official pronouncements and behavior, the Nazis stand convicted of barbarism without parallel since the Middle Ages. Their one-day nation-wide boycott of German Jews in alleged retaliation for the protests in other lands merely confirms the validity of such protests. The Nazi day of wrath recalls those dark ages when men went to the rack and stake for their faith, when to dissent even slightly from the creed of the rulers meant torture. It recalls even earlier days when the Jews in certain countries of Europe were forced to wear the distinctive yellow garb that would set them apart for the hatred of the mob, incited to believe them the authors of all evil. Then they were stigmatized as the betrayers of mankind. So were they on that Saturday when the Nazis sought to impress indelibly on their mobs the fiction that the Jews were responsible for Germany's plight, for her "betrayal" in and after the World War. The revived practice of bygone dark centuries differed only in detail. In 1933 the signs of Jewish doctors, lawyers, and other professional men were splashed with yellow; so were the shops. Armed Brown Shirts stood guard to intimidate those who would pass. On the Exchange Jews were forbidden to trade, but the Brown Shirts reaped a correspondingly greater harvest. In Berlin Jews were even denied access to the public libraries. Jewish children were kept home from the schools and off the streets—many of them learning, no doubt for the first time from their grief-stricken and terrified parents, of the heavy heritage of hate that henceforth was to be theirs. All this the Nazis now assure the world was but a one-day affair—as if the blight of that day could ever be lifted from the hearts and souls of their victims.

The Nazi offer not to repeat this particular type of economic pogrom—"unless overseas protests continue"—is both a bluff and an evasion. It has doubtless penetrated the skulls of some of the Nazi leaders that such a policy overtly pursued spells ruin, not merely for the targets of their blind hate, but for their own regime. Protests in the name of civilization and decency will abate only as the outrages themselves abate. The organized Nazi boycott will inevitably evoke a spontaneous world-wide counter-boycott, and the damage to German economic recovery will soon make plain the suicidal folly of Hitlerism. So that, despite the blustering of the chief Nazi exponents of thuggery against helpless and inoffensive minorities, it is probable that picketing and painting of stores and signs will not immediately recur.

But no less cruel extinction through destruction of livelihood goes on. And this applies not merely to Jews, but to liberals, Socialists, Communists, to inoffensive individualists unaffiliated with any group or faction—to all those minorities whom the hooked-cross rule deems guilty of mental, political, or economic heresy. They are driven from the bench where justice is to be dispensed, from the seats of learning, from the temples of music and art, from every post of responsibility and honor—just as were the heretics of centuries ago. Those who have not accepted the Nazi political and economic religion are doomed to starvation. Not only have their savings —like Einstein's—been impounded, but they may not even flee. They may not even try to reconstruct their blasted lives in another land. They are prisoners, condemned to the slow torture of spiritual, mental, and physical annihilation.

Why then should protests cease? In what way can the plight of the victims be greatly aggravated? What basis is there for the Nazis' subtle distinction between the type of atrocities they deny and the policy which they openly flaunt? Indeed, there is ample ground for belief that even those denials cannot be believed. *The Nation* knows the source of the following cable, dated March 28, and can vouch for the unimpeachable character and intelligence of the sender:

> Sending this cable from Czecho-Slovakia by friend because enormously growing Nazi sentiment Vienna makes such communication ill-advised. Personal interviews with Jewish and also Social Democratic refugees from Germany reveal unbelievable widespread brutalities continuing at present moment despite denials. We greatly fear efforts to whitewash possibly successful due to complete terrorization of victims and their relatives and fear of threatened reprisals. Victims' intimidation and government's adroit methods and concealment of methods of persecution so great that we doubt feasibility of ascertaining true facts through official channels. Strong probability same situation developing in Austria unless wide public opinion mobilized now perhaps also official pressure. Press censorship such that we are ignorant of Americans' information and activities, hence cabling to give you first-hand impressions. Don't communicate with me about this unless urgent necessity and then most guardedly.

Under the rigid censorship, and with complete suppression of the freedom of speech, press, and assembly, it is impossible to get all the facts. Some exaggerations, some false stories are inevitable. Yet who but the Nazis are to blame if and when such distortions occur? Indeed, far worse events may be taking place behind the curtain of censorship and in the prison cells. But we need not depend on what is disputed. Out of their own mouths and by their own acts the Nazis may be judged. They incarnate tyranny without parallel in our time. The entire German people are the victims —including the thousands of youths who, having known great hardships, have been the most easily misled. It is ironic that just as the madness of the World War was beginning to be widely comprehended; as a realization was dawning of the oppression of the Teutonic people and the injustices visited upon them, in part through the follies of their former rulers, in part through the blindness of their conquerors; when the burden of reparations had been lifted and further revision of the post-war treaties was in contemplation—it is ironic and tragic that just at this moment the rising sympathies of mankind are again to be alienated by a resurgence of a new form of Junkerism. Shall it again be allowed to drag the German people to still lower depths, to destroy the liberties which they, in common with other peoples of Central Europe, at great cost had gradually won for themselves? Only the mobilized conscience of mankind can prevent it. More than ever the situation calls for increasing and unceasing protest and for the isolation of those who have strangled what but yesterday was the German Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Missouri Pacific Failure

THE great Missouri Pacific Railroad, with a direct trackage of nearly 7,000 miles, with a funded indebtedness in excess of $400,000,000, and with a capital stock of over $150,000,000, on March 31 confessed its insolvency. At the time over $20,000,000 was owed to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, of which amount $5,800,000 had been used to pay off bank loans. To what extent the bonds of its important subsidiaries will be affected is not known. However lightly the callous deflationist may view reorganization as an economic device for scaling down debts, and however necessary an adjustment may be, the failure of the Missouri Pacific system is a major financial catastrophe.

From its reorganization in 1917 until 1930, Kuhn, Loeb and Company were the bankers of Missouri Pacific. In 1930 that firm surrendered its position of ascendancy to J. P. Morgan and Company, the bankers for O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen. Morgan and the Van Sweringens had acquired stock control of the Missouri Pacific through the Allegheny Corporation, a holding device by means of which they dreamed of dominating—with other people's money—a nation-wide transport empire. In 1925 the Interstate Commerce Commission criticized the large fees paid by Missouri Pacific to its bankers in connection with the acquisition of the stock of the Gulf Coast Lines. In later years the commission railed vainly against the circumvention of its authority by holding devices of the Allegheny type.

Not only because of its size and the importance of its banking connections does the receivership of the Missouri Pacific command public attention. It is the first railroad to seek reorganization under the new bankruptcy act. It is the first railroad to seek reorganization in a supposedly chastened financial order. Despite the cries of a pressing emergency Congress refused to pass the railroad sections of the bankruptcy act as proposed by the Hoover Administration. There was a demand that the trustees appointed to administer the railroads should be independent and not dominated by the bankers. To this end the act, as finally adopted, provided that the trustees should be named from a panel prepared by the Interstate Commerce Commission and gave the trustees and the commission broad powers in respect to reorganizations.

There can be little doubt that these powers were bestowed to eliminate the grave abuses developed by the investigation of the St. Paul receivership by the commission. It is with consequent amazement therefore that one reads that Judge Faris of St. Louis leaves the operation of Missouri Pacific to its present Allegheny-dominated management and finds no present need for the appointment of trustees. It is with even greater amazement that one reads that the commission includes in its panel of eligible trustees L. W. Baldwin, president of the Missouri Pacific. Mr. Baldwin is reputed to be one of the ablest operating railroad executives in the country, and it may be important that the trustees should have the benefit of his abilities. But it is outrageous—unfair to Mr. Baldwin and to the creditors and stockholders—to suggest that he be a trustee. How can Mr. Baldwin question the acts of the Allegheny-controlled board of which he was a member and servant? How can he question whether the final dividend declarations on the preferred stock were dictated by a desire to save the Allegheny structure rather than to preserve the integrity of the Missouri Pacific? How can he question whether traffic arrangements were controlled by other reasons than their advantage to the road? How can he criticize a reorganization plan prepared by the company's Allegheny-dominated board and their counsel? The new bankruptcy act permits a reorganization plan to be prepared either by the defaulting company or by the trustees, thereby making it possible to do away with the extravagant fees and the abusive controls of reorganization committees. But the chance of these evils being eliminated, unless the act is administered by strong and absolutely independent trustees, is exceedingly remote.

Happily Judge Faris still has the right to appoint independent trustees. It is to be hoped that he and the commission will appreciate the gravity of the situation before it gets out of hand. They should heed the warning of Judge Wilkerson, himself sadly hoodwinked more than once in the St. Paul case, who is reported to have said only a fortnight ago: "One of the great difficulties of receiverships is that too often the receivers are not disinterested. . . . Receivers should have no interest in a company nor should they be suggested by those interested in the company." The new deal for railroad reorganizations has started badly.

Embargoes and Law

SHALL we rest the case for or against the arms-embargo resolution now pending in Congress on a strict interpretation of the Constitution? Shall we permit cast-iron legalism rather than our broader international interests to govern the manner in which we deal with the problems of peace? Edwin M. Borchard and John Bassett Moore, two of our most eminent authorities on international law, seem to think that we must do so. In their minds, if we correctly interpret their recent argument before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, literal adherence to the principles of established law should take precedence over the larger considerations of peace. Professor Borchard holds, for example, that the arms-embargo resolution is unconstitutional because it would give the President authority to make "treaties" with foreign governments without the consent of the Senate, to enter into "alliances" without that body's approval, and "in effect" to declare war without the consent of Congress.

From the standpoint of rigid nationalism Professor Borchard is probably standing on firm ground. The President has asked for authority to join with other Powers in laying down embargoes on the shipment of arms to belligerent countries or countries actively threatening to go to war. The isolationist would naturally put the harshest possible interpretation on an agreement arrived at between the United States and other Powers under this authority. He would certainly consider such an agreement a treaty in the formal or legal sense, thus requiring the approval of the Senate. If he also held that a simple arms embargo constituted an act of war, an international embargo agreement obviously would be tantamount to an alliance for war. And the act of the President in prohibiting the shipment of munitions to coun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tries at war or about to go to war would then be equivalent to a declaration of war.

But let us assume for the sake of the argument that an arms embargo does not in itself constitute an act of war. If we do so, Professor Borchard's objections to the pending resolution on the ground that it gives the President unlawful authority to enter into alliances and to declare war "in effect" without the consent of Congress are no longer valid. This part of the controversy, therefore, comes down to the question of whether or not an arms embargo is a hostile measure. A study of the accepted authorities yields no support for the contention that an embargo of this nature, applied by a group of Powers in the interest of preventing war, can be regarded as an act of war. This is not to argue that an arms embargo might not lead to hostilities either as the result of accident or design. But if we are to deny the President the authority he seeks on the ground that his exercise of that authority *may* lead to war, then we must in all logic deprive him of his constitutional power to conduct the foreign affairs of the government and to command the armed forces of the nation, since the exercise of those powers has upon occasion in the past resulted in actual war, invariably without the prior consent of Congress and frequently in opposition to its opinion.

There remains the legal question whether an international embargo agreement could be considered a treaty. In signing the Pact of Paris we have specifically renounced war as an instrument of national policy. We have accepted in good faith the pledges of the other signatories and adherents to the Pact of Paris that they likewise have renounced war. It is thus a matter of self-interest to see that other nations abide by their pledges—their promise faithfully to observe the provisions of the treaty was the consideration we received for our renunciation of war. When the Paris pact is violated, we can either denounce the agreement or else endeavor to preserve it by peaceful persuasion or some other method. The President has elected not to denounce the treaty. But as a matter of political reality he appreciates that the United States cannot alone in every case compel faithful observance of the pact. He believes that this can best be accomplished through international cooperation in the form of a joint embargo on arms shipments to Powers violating the pact.

A strict interpretation of the Constitution would no doubt require the President to put such an embargo agreement in the form of a treaty. But precedent, political expediency, and the larger interests of peace make this course both unnecessary and unwise. Presidents have in the past negotiated several executive agreements which were not intended to be regarded as treaties. They merely expressed in concrete form certain established policies of the government with reference to particular international problems, and were binding only upon the Presidents who negotiated them, although they could be, and in some cases were, continued by succeeding Executives. In this category belong the Root-Takahira agreement of 1908 and the Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917. President Wilson, in referring to the latter, declared that it "was not an agreement at all, but an understanding."

International cooperation of this sort may contain many hidden dangers. But if peace is to be maintained through any form of international effort, it would seem an obvious first step to unite with other nations in withholding the instruments of war from any Power that refuses to settle its claims by peaceful means.

Is This a System?

PRAISE of Franklin Roosevelt has run over the land like a sweet spring breeze since the first days of March when by Presidential magic he closed all the banks—and then opened them again. "Marvelous," said the business men. "Saved," said the depositors. "Leadership!" shouted the press—and realizing how busy the President must be saving rich man, poor man, beggarman, and chief, the press obligingly took over the job of smiling for Mr. Roosevelt (no mean job).

It all reminds us, too persistently for our own good, perhaps, of the poor Russian Jew (pre-Soviet) who took his troubles to the rabbi.

"Oi, Reb Solomon," said the Jew sadly. "My life is awful. My children are in rags. My house is cold. There is little to eat. My wife, Reb Solomon, is sick and can no longer work." In phrases and gestures to wring a rabbi's heart the Jew related his misfortunes. When he had finished, the rabbi was silent for a time; then he looked at the Jew.

"Have you a cow?" he asked. "Yes," said the Jew, wondering, "we have a cow." "Good," said the rabbi. "Go back and take your cow into your house. Return to me in a week's time."

A week later the Jew returned more despondent than before. "Reb Solomon," he cried, "I am desperate. My wife feels worse. My children are hungry. Night and day they cry for food. And the cow— My house is not big, Reb Solomon, only one small room. Such a crowd in one room, Reb Solomon."

The rabbi looked into the stricken eyes of his petitioner. "Have you a goat?" he asked. "Yes," said the Jew, "we have a goat." "Good," said the rabbi, "go back and take your goat into the house." The Jew's eyes grew large at this, but the rabbi's presence silenced him and he backed out bowing. He hurried home and took the goat into the house to live.

In a few days the Jew returned, beside himself. "I cannot live, Reb Solomon. My wife is in anguish. And the goat, Reb Solomon. Such a smell! Such dirt! I had to put it in the corner where the children slept. And now to sleep all in one bed—it is terrible. Better to kill myself, Reb Solomon." And he wept and tore his hair.

The rabbi nodded his head. After a long silence he spoke. "Go home and put the goat out of the house. Come and see me again in a week."

The Jew came back in three short days. "Reb Solomon," he said. "It is so much *better*. My wife is feeling stronger already. The children sleep now in their own corner. Many thanks, Reb Solomon. Things are not good with us, but yet they are better." The rabbi nodded wisely. "I thought so," he said. "Go home now and put the cow out of the house."

Two days passed. The Jew came back radiant, filled with gratitude. "Oi, Reb Solomon," he said. "You are a great man. I put the cow out of the house. It is wonderful now. So much room, Reb Solomon, so clean! We are all so happy. Bless you Reb Solomon!"

Or hasn't *your* bank opened again?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Tell the world how well you're being treated."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues and Men

The Folly of Adolf Hitler

THE folly of Adolf Hitler lies in the fact that he knows neither the history of his own country nor that of the world, and that he has not fathomed the true aspirations of men. There is in him a good deal of Dr. Coué; he believes that if you chant often enough "Germany, Awake," Germany will "awake" to accept his doctrines. The post-bellum Germany has been anything but asleep; there was a fine republican structure erected upon the ruins of 1918 and in the process of being enlarged, strengthened, and adequately furnished—only now to be destroyed. But waiving that, his speeches abound in phrases which indicate his belief that greatness can be achieved by wishing yourself great and thinking yourself great and declaring that you are a great and a united people. Here is a typical passage from his speech at the opening and closing of the Reichstag on March 23:

> The contemplativeness of cosmopolitanism is rapidly disappearing. Heroism is to ring passionately as the shaper and leader of political destiny. It is art's task to express this spirit of the times. Blood and race will again become the source of artistic inspiration. It is the task of the government to see to it that, just as in the period of restricted political power, the inward vital forces and values of the nation shall receive the most powerful stimulus.

The idea is the old one that if you can mouth sententious words like these often enough you will attain great things and achieve epoch-making results. As much of a philosophy as he has, he frankly admits that he has gained in considerable degree from America. From Madison Grant has come his doctrine of pure Aryanism; from Henry Ford's book on the Jews, much of the material for his crusade against them; from our Republican and Democratic politicians, the technique of extracting huge campaign funds from the great industrialists; and from our immigration laws, his plan to shut off Germany so that new elements from outside may not enter. Beyond that he has brought together all the remnants of the philosophy of the imperialist and dominating capitalist classes—where it has not been destroyed by true democratic movements or popular uprisings. He does not know that until the World War the whole trend of events was away from these outworn philosophies, or that, despite the rise of dictatorships, they are more than ever discredited. The ultra-conservatives who dominated the governments of Europe, either directly or in the background through their control of finance, industry, and natural resources, could not keep the world out of the disaster of 1914, could not stop that disaster after it began until the United States came in, and have not been able to keep the world out of the economic chaos in which it finds itself. The leaders of the great business men the world over are utterly discredited, but Hitler in his folly undertakes to rebuild Germany with the aid, advice, and consent of the Hugenberg group of bankers and industrialists and reactionaries, while his own platform is the most extraordinary melange of opposing and contradictory doctrines ever brought together in modern times. Thus he declares that communism must be rooted out and all Communists ruthlessly extirpated. Yet his own platform contains numerous Socialist and Communist planks. Thus he has declared at one time or another for the government's taking over all the import and export trade of the nation—a terrific task. He is for nationalization of the banks, for the return of the railways to government control, and for state ownership of all cartels and trusts. Yet in the speech from which I have quoted he declared that his government "would seek to promote private initiative with the fullest recognition of the rights of private property."

When it comes to the question of his history Hitler has evidently never read the career of Bismarck. Had he done so he would have found that in 1878 Bismarck felt just as bitterly against the Socialists as he himself does today, and in October, 1878, had an act passed which declared illegal all associations, books, and newspapers directed toward the alteration of the state and society of that day, and gave the government the power to supervise or to expel all the Socialist leaders, and even to proclaim a state of siege and suspend individual liberties in whole districts. The Socialist agitation was driven under ground and this statute remained on the law books until 1890. But all this while the Socialist movement grew apace. Adolf Hitler might also have studied to advantage the history of Russia—but why go on? I admit, of course, that a dictator today has a thousand times more power than had Bismarck, the Chancellor, in 1878 and 1885. Nations may be held in servitude for long years, but unless the dictator can make good by vastly improving the status not only of the dissenting portion of the populace, but of his own followers, his fall is inevitable.

Hitler's greatest folly of all was permitting his shock troops to get out of hand as soon as he triumphed. That was intentional, of course; it must never be forgotten that last summer he asked Hindenburg for a three-day suspension of all laws so that his Nazis might wreak their vengeance on their enemies. He did not ask Hindenburg's permission this time, but just went ahead. In his Reichstag speech he said: "We need contact with the outside world and our foreign markets furnish a livelihood for millions of our fellow-citizens," and then he and Germany "awake" again to find that his lawlessness and the unconstitutional arrest of thousands of people have deprived him of the sympathy of the best friends of Germany in Great Britain and the United States and France. Incidentally, it has cost the German nation, besides the respect and good-will of the world, millions of dollars' worth of orders that were canceled as soon as the Hitler news came to these shores. Precisely in such incredible stupidity as this lies the best hope that Germany will be able somehow or other to purge itself of Hitler and Hitlerism.

Oswald Garrison Villard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will Austria Go Fascist?

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, March 20

WILL Austria, this pale and shrunken state caught in the nutcracker of Fascist Italy and Hitlerite Germany, be the next to succumb to the enormous pressure of reaction in Central Europe? The parliament is dead, the press is gagged, and Chancellor Dollfuss is ruling by decree already. And this is only the beginning, for Austria, always unlucky, faces the possibility not merely of one Putsch but of two. Menacing Dollfuss, who is himself on the right, are two camps even farther to the right. If the Heimwehr, his semi-allies, don't gobble him, the Nazis will.

A coup d'etat in Vienna would, it goes without saying, be a nasty jolt for Europe. Conceivably, it might even cause a war. Austria has become a potential battleground. In the neutral heart of Vienna are three rival groups of Powers snarling at each other. They don't want to fight. No one ever wants to fight. But accidents happen, and wars happen. The explosive possibilities of the Vienna crisis are manifest today in almost every chancellery in Europe.

A few days ago, in the calm, hazy sunshine, I walked along the Ring and in the Burg garden, skirting a mob of Hakenkreuzers shouting "Heil Hitler!" The day was warm and full of spring. There were pretty girls in bright woolen sweaters and pompous matrons exercising smart dogs on crimson leashes. Through the crowd, not marching but dodging, came successive disorderly loops of young Hitlerites. The crowd was gay, the police patient. It was all very *gemütlich*. No one seemed very serious. The sunny air continued mild, caressing. Then one saw machine-guns butting from upper windows and the long line of rifles tripoded behind the Hofburg fence. One saw the faces of the police harden. One saw in the crowd little knots of Nazi agents-provocateurs, itching for trouble. The sunlight grew hazier. It glinted on the long line of shiny hoods of the police lorries. And one was forced to admit the truth, that any small incident, any rash bit of intemperance, might cause bloodshed, riots, war.

And how did it all begin? It began because a Social Democratic deputy voted an incorrect ballot paper. Turn back to March 4. There was an acrid debate in the parliament over a motion asking leniency for the railway workers, who, a few days before, had declared a two-hour strike. The motion passed eighty-one to eighty. But the vote was taken in great confusion, and two ballots were found from Deputy Abram, none from Deputy Scheibein. These deputies had adjacent seats and the tellers, replenishing their stock of ballots, made some error, so that Scheibein voted with one of Abram's papers instead of his own. Both were Social Democrats and the total of eighty-one votes was of course not affected, but punctilious Dr. Karl Renner, the Social Democratic speaker, announced that an irregularity had occurred. Long will he rue the day.

For a tremendous row developed, and the government bloc of parties, beaten in the vote, leaped at the chance to declare it illegal. Dr. Renner lost his head in the excitement. He shouted resignation of the speakership and left the rostrum. By this act he imperiled all the achievements of socialism in Vienna since the war. He did not anticipate the bizarre event that followed. Both the deputy speakers—Dr. Ramek, a former clerical premier, and the Pan-German Dr. Straffner—likewise resigned, leaving the parliament without a president. It had to adjourn, and except for one ridiculous rump session, has not met since. Seldom has such a political comedy of errors worked out to such dangerous and unpredictable conclusions. As a first step, before anyone realized what had happened, the government took advantage of the situation to establish what it had long hoped for—rule by decree.

The parliamentary incident, so idiotic in itself, might not have been so harmful if it had not occurred just as a formidable Hitlerite wave from Germany was washing over Austria. The Nazis had just won their election in Berlin. In Vienna the Nazi leader, Herr Frauenfeld, shouted to 20,000 people that Hitler, not Dollfuss, was their chancellor, and 20,000 people screamed themselves hoarse applauding him. For a year, for two years, the Nazis in Austria had been steadily, noisily growing. Rumors now came of an impending Nazi Putsch. Nazi agitators streamed over the frontiers. The best thing that one can say for Dollfuss and his government is that they detest the Hitlerites, and it promptly became apparent that the new regime was anti-Nazi as well as anti-Social Democratic—a "moderate" dictatorship steering a path between right and left. Thus for the moment at least, one may say that three forces compete for power in Austria:

First, there is the Dollfuss Government. It is predominantly Christian Social, with Agrarian and Heimwehr members. A majority in it inherit the ideology of Monsignor Seipel; it is strongly Roman Catholic; it is perceptibly monarchist and pro-Hapsburg, and anti-Anschluss. Representing the stolid, grave, impenetrably religious peasantry of the little republic, it has dominated Austrian politics since 1918, even though the Socialists in Vienna are the largest single party. Dollfuss himself is a man of forty-one, the youngest premier in Europe.

But inextricably involved in the mechanics of the government is the Heimwehr. This armed and militant organization, Catholic, legitimist, and anti-Marxist, until recently had fallen on evil days; its prestige had shriveled; its leader, Prince Starhemberg, was discredited. Now it comes into prominence again—not by will of the people. At the last general election, in November, 1930, the Heimwehr polled only 225,000 votes out of about 3,500,000. Today it would be obliterated. But Dollfuss, building his coalition last summer, needed Heimwehr support, and Major Fey, the Heimwehr Undersecretary of Public Security, gradually evolved into something like an oversecretary of public danger. Will Dollfuss be himself destroyed by the Heimwehr which he helped bring to power? Certainly during these past few weeks it has sought to run his show for him. Hoping, for instance, to incite the Socialists to a general strike—and then crush them—the Heimwehr gathered in force in Vienna on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the night of March 15, ready for a Putsch. Dollfuss himself was forced to order their dispersal. In revenge, the Heimwehr sought—and got—the head of Dollfuss's chief of police. So all is not easy in the government ranks.

Second, there are the up-and-coming Nazis, who had not a single seat in the defunct parliament, but who would probably gain a third of the seats—at least—if there were elections tomorrow. Thus the burning core of the Dollfuss policy is to avoid elections. The Nazis are patient, they are content to wait. If Dollfuss, to prevent elections, is forced more and more into unconstitutional action, so much the better for the Nazis, who, as in Germany, thrive on the instability of would-be dictatorships. The Nazis, moreover, are sure that at least the Styrian Heimwehr would join them in the event of trouble. They count, in fact, on using the Heimwehr to push Dollfuss into a trap. Or they may absorb the Heimwehr. Spoiling for trouble on any front, the Nazis would probably even support a Social Democratic general strike.

The Nazis, marauders from the north, represent no legitimate force within Austria itself. The movement in Austria is largely controlled by German agitators, although the titular leader, Alfred Frauenfeld, is a Viennese. The indigenous reactionary group in Austria is the Heimwehr. But the Heimwehr has no chance against these hard-boiled German activists, flushed darkly now with victory. Naturally the Nazis write Anschluss as their major party aim—Austria to join Germany under the flaming Hakenkreuz! Thus the Nazis may in time absorb the old Pan-German Party in Austria, an additional source of strength. Indeed, the Nazis engineered the maneuvers of Dr. Straffner to convoke parliament again. Dr. Straffner, having cut the parliament's throat, was the man most eager to revive it. The Nazis, as in Germany, prefer to come to power by "legal" means, and thus, by a quaint paradox, they support the parliamentary system and work valiantly for elections.

Third, the Social Democrats, at the extreme left of the party line-up, face the opposition of all parties. Until the moment they have borne it well, intrenched in their stronghold, Vienna—which they converted into the first Socialist city in the world. The crustiest reactionary cannot impugn the extreme human merit of the Socialist building program—to name but one item—in Vienna. Friends of liberty and progress the world over must realize with dread that this work is distinctly imperiled by the imminence of right reaction in the present crisis.

How is it that the Socialists have been so disastrously out-maneuvered? At the moment they are a beaten party. They can only hope that things will not turn out to be so bad as they fear. The *Arbeiter Zeitung,* when it appears at all, is a checkerboard of white spaces cut out by the government censor. As in Germany, where Social Democracy may never recover from the awful blow given it by its own leaders, Braun and Severing, the party here has suffered by reason of its temperance, its willingness to compromise, and its fear of thoroughgoing revolutionary methods. Three times in Vienna during the recent agitation the Social Democrats were urged by their younger members to risk at least a gallant death with a general strike; each time the leaders temporized—once on the occasion of the first Dollfuss decrees, again on the afternoon that the government locked out the rump parliament, and again when, on the night of March 15, the Heimwehr gathered in Vienna. Threat of a strike on the last occasion, one should note, frightened the government into dispersing the Heimwehr troops.

The Socialists may even now, in the limited region of Vienna, remain impregnable. Their policy may be to hold on to the city and let the country go hang. But this, seemingly, shows a terrible lack of foresight. There is, for instance, a tacit threat by the Heimwehr elements in the government to dissolve the Socialist army, the Schutzbund, throughout the country, and to instal a government commissar over Vienna. This *would,* the Socialists say, move them to a general strike. But it might be too late. And in the disorder of a general strike the Nazis, hurdling the government, might themselves seize power.

Now it is a disconcerting and dangerous item in this confusion that each of these three groups is supported, more or less openly, by foreign Powers. Foreign Powers, by their encouragement, are influencing each group in its domestic policy. It is not the Austrians who have made this mess—exclusively. Germany, Italy, and the Little Entente have all helped to make it. All have sticky fingers in the Austrian pie.

The Heimwehr represents Italy. Of this not a doubt. The Heimwehr would long since have collapsed except for Italian help. The Nazis represent Germany. Now, curiously enough, Fascist Italy and Fascist Germany do not see eye to eye in Austria. If they did, a Nazi-Heimwehr coalition would by this time have overwhelmed the country. The fact is that Italy has been remarkably cool to Hitlerism, and it fears Hitlerism especially in Austria, because an Anschluss, which the Hitlerites want, would bring big, brutal Germany, instead of weak, soft Austria, to the Italian frontier at the Brenner pass. And Berlin might not be so gentle as Vienna in the matter of some 600,000 oppressed Germans in the Tyrol. Italy, in short, far prefers Heimwehr policy to Nazi policy. The Heimwehr has vague hopes of a legitimist restoration uniting Austria and Hungary, perhaps even Bavaria and Croatia—which would play nicely into Italian hands. Only one thing would turn Italy to support of the Austrian Nazis—a red revolution in Austria. As to the Social Democrats, they smile at what is left—the Little Entente. And the Little Entente, seeing the Social Democrats as the only force in Central Europe opposing fascism, smiles back—with guns and ammunition.

Meanwhile, with Austria, what is going to happen? So far Chancellor Dollfuss, aside from the more or less perfunctory business of gagging the press—to embarrass the Socialists; and abolishing public meetings—to cripple the Nazis—has had time for little. He wants a thoroughgoing constitutional "reform," including transformation of the upper house into a corporative body representing the professions. All dictatorships have to create their own dynamics. One in the middle, opposed by both right and left, would seem hopelessly unstable. The general opinion is that Dollfuss will be forced to accede more and more to Heimwehr pressure, and that when he is weakest the Nazis will come in. One should never forget, on the other hand, that Austria is a thoroughly sophisticated and civilized country, much given to compromise, and that some sort of agreement among all the parties may avert this disaster.

Finally, any government in Austria is the prisoner of economic forces. I have saved to the end a final pitiable de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tail in the whole confused and angry story. The railway strike, which provoked the parliamentary session, which provoked the dictatorship, occurred because the railways were forced to pay March salaries and pensions, not in two instalments as usual, but in three. There was not enough cash in the till to meet even one-half the month's pay roll. The railways, hopelessly in debt, could not borrow. And the workmen felt that if they did not get their full half-month wages on March 1, they would never get them on March 15. Because of this lack of cash the parliament committed suicide. For want of a few hundred schillings, constitutionalism in Austria expired.

The Honeymoon Is Over

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 1

THERE are signs of a return to normality along the Potomac. Congress is beginning to look more like a legislative body and less like a flock of scared hens. Committees have resumed their functions, and I can testify from personal knowledge that a member of the House this week read a bill all the way through before voting on it. The spokesmen for organized labor and the farmers have injected some discordant notes into the chorus of "Happy Days," and will inject others before these sizzling sentences see the light. In short, ladies and gentlemen, the honeymoon is over—and a damned good thing for all concerned. By this I do not mean to say that we are about to witness a resumption of the White House–Capitol Hill feud which embittered the latter years of the Hoover Administration. Quite the contrary. Friendly Frank still has his huge majorities in both houses of Congress, and will be able to get from them anything within reason. But it must be within reason, or thereabout—unless, as the vulgar have it, I have misinterpreted my onions. That this turn of events is distasteful to the President is by no means certain; on the contrary, there is credible evidence that he welcomes it. Some things happened during the first two weeks of his Administration which may have taught him that dictatorship has its perils. For example, it is not pleasant to think what might have happened had the Senate emulated the House by passing the emergency bank bill without reading it. No less than thirty-five amendments were adopted for the simple purpose of clarifying its meaning. The President cannot do everything, and this is no time for Congress to abdicate. Its original inclination to do so was largely a reaction to the ignorant and intemperate abuse of editors—who, it appears, have not yet heard what happens to editors under dictatorships.

* * * * *

THE first of the bills governing the sale of securities (others will follow) indicates that this Administration does not intend to temporize with the gentry who peddle stocks and bonds in this country. Its provisions are notably more drastic than any heretofore proposed in Congress, and I am informed that succeeding ones will follow the same pattern and disclose the same temper. The blue-sky racket, which reached the zenith of its opulence in the Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover era, is doomed. That it could ever have reached such proportions, and that those who grew rich out of it could have been mentioned as "leaders," and interviewed and photographed for the newspapers, is but another proof that Americans are the greatest aggregation of suckers ever assembled under one flag. It was only a year ago that Charles E. Mitchell, Otto H. Kahn, Thomas W. Lamont, and the rest were talking down their noses to Hiram Johnson across the table of the Senate Finance Committee, haughtily repudiating the very suggestion that their institutions had done anything improper, and actually proceeding to lecture Congress on its own delinquencies, while the financial writers of the New York papers fawned and scribbled columns of reverential drool. Well, it is satisfying to reflect that if the present bill had been a law during the years when these gentlemen were practicing their art and mystery as it was practiced, several of them would now be occupied with manual tasks behind the walls of Leavenworth or Atlanta. It may not be too late yet. Meanwhile, it develops that not even the Established Church, that is, J. P. Morgan and Company, is to escape the Senate investigation. What is the country coming to? Perhaps to its senses. Incidentally, I cannot leave this subject without remarking on the circumstance that a very large percentage of the Latin American bonds which are now in default, and almost worthless, were issued under dictatorships. Compare their value with that of bonds which have been issued by the democratic governments of the world.

* * * * *

ON the greatest problem confronting it—unemployment—the Administration has made a start, but only a start. Passage of the La Follette-Costigan-Wagner bill, appropriating $500,000,000 for direct relief grants to the States, marks the triumph of a principle for which La Follette and Costigan fought unceasingly but vainly—and at times, it seemed, hopelessly—throughout the last two years. For accepting it and thus insuring its acceptance by Congress, Roosevelt deserves great credit. Its passage in the Senate occasioned some heartburnings. It was difficult to repress a smile when such Southern Democrats as good old Joe Robinson and good old Pat Harrison battled manfully for the inauguration of a policy against which they had battled just as manfully in the past. But in heaven the repentant sinner is thrice welcome, and Robinson in these days might easily be taken for a Progressive. The excellent bill of Senator Black, of Alabama, designed to establish the thirty-hour week in industry, has been favorably reported to the Senate, although its future is not insured.

* * * * *

THE rest of the picture, where unemployment relief is concerned, is far less reassuring. At this moment the Administration is toying with two railroad bills, one the so-called Prince plan and the other drafted by a committee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

headed, incredibly enough, by Joseph B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is reliably stated that the Prince plan would result in the discharge of 350,000 railroad employees, and that the other would abolish the jobs of about 80,000. If that is any way to relieve unemployment, I'm Herbert Hoover. The situation has produced one good effect: it has virtually forced the railway labor unions to come out for government ownership of the roads. Moreover, although most economists seem to be agreed that a vast public-works program is the only remaining hope of "priming the pump" for economic recovery, the Administration hesitates painfully. The President is confronted with divided counsels, and thus far seems unable to make up his own mind. Liberal members of the Cabinet and Progressive Senators are urging the step; conservative Cabinet members and Budget Director Douglas (who seems obsessed with the notion of being a little Calvin Coolidge) warn against "unbalancing the budget"—God save the mark—as if it had not been out of balance for years. A whisper is current here that New York bankers, being opposed to such a program of public works, would refuse to purchase the bonds which would be necessary to finance it. It is even said they may not buy the securities by which the relief grants are to be financed. I think I can tell my dear friends in Wall Street what will happen if they try any such monkey business. They will witness a bond-selling campaign of the kind conducted during the late war, and they will see about ten million of us rushing up to the counter to sock every spare nickel we own into the new bonds. As a matter of fact, it probably would be an excellent thing for the government to get out of the habit of turning to the bankers when it needs money. Why should our Uncle Samuel be at the mercy of the loan sharks when he has so many relatives willing to stake him?

The Starvation Army

By JOHN KAZARIAN

Nec rationem patitur, nec aequitate mitigatur, nec ulla prece flectitur, populus esuriens.—Seneca.

I AM one of the wandering unemployed, but very probably this phraseology is deceiving and unnecessarily dignified, for men of my class are more generally known as bums, tramps, or hoboes. Even these epithets seem refined compared with some that are slung at us. But men without hope, without pride, without work do not lose any sleep over what people call them. It is neither interesting nor important to relate the events leading up to my decision to "hit the road." Briefly, I ran out of funds in Los Angeles while looking for work. What was one to do with no money and not a Chinaman's chance of getting a job? In California only citizens of the State are able to get what jobs there are, and I was not a citizen. At last I took to hopping freight trains, hitch-hiking, and sometimes walking from town to town. For shelter I went to jails, welfare agencies, and hobo camps, known as the "jungles." This article is intended to give an accurate account of the problems of the wandering unemployed and to suggest a solution.

Men on the Road

By far the largest group on the road is made up of grown men. Almost every race, color, and creed, and every section of the country are represented. As I "hoboed," I made a point of inquiring the occupation of my companions. The list in my notebook includes doctors, pharmacists, lawyers, teachers, actors, cooks, barbers, prize-fighters, and manual laborers of all kinds. One man whom I met in Fort Worth, Texas, confessed to me that he was an expert horseman who until he was discharged was employed by Elissa Landi and Jack Holt. He further confessed that his father was the chief of police in one of the oldest cities of the East. The great majority of the men on the road are looking for work. The remainder are "professional bums," who at last have an excuse for begging, or single and married men who have taken to the road to forget some fair lady. In some respects, at least, the road is similar to the French Foreign Legion—every day offers a glorious uncertainty as to whether one will starve, freeze, be killed in a freight wreck or by a railroad "bull," or be jailed as a vagrant.

Case 1. I met A in the Y. M. C. A. of Wilmington, Delaware. He was young, sensitive, intelligent. In the course of conversation I learned that three years before he had been working in Africa for an American concern. He had contracted malarial fever, and after he was cured, the doctor advised him to return to America. He arrived in New York City shortly after the economic pillars began to totter. He was unable to find work and was soon penniless. Then followed four days of hunger. He was too proud to beg. At last fear of starvation had broken down his sensibilities.

He was despondent: "Oh, I want to get away from all this. If only I could get a job, so I wouldn't have to beg any more. Men like us aren't human beings. We're animals, just like rats, hunting for food and shelter while the law isn't looking. Something's got to be done. If I have to bum people for my existence much longer I'm going to get in with some gang and get some cash. I'm not afraid if I'm with a gang."

Case 2. B was a distinguished-looking man with pince-nez and white hair who told me he was a journalist. I encountered him in Warrington House, one of the relief shelters of New Orleans. The night of December 1 was rather cool and the men of the road were hurrying here and there in search of shelter. As I looked at these unfortunates sprawled on the cement floor, scratching the vermin that clung to their unwashed bodies, I thought to myself what patience Americans have, to bear with scarcely a murmur an existence unfit for a dog. The man at the door assigned me a place to sleep on the cement floor next to the journalist.

"Got 'ny papers?" he asked.

"No," I replied. The papers were meant to serve as a mattress, often referred to as the "Hoover mattress." Some sort of covering was necessary. The journalist was lying

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

near the toilet, the pipes were not functioning properly, and there was a small pool of water around the base of the toilet.

"Here you are, friend," said the newspaperman, and handed me some of his papers. I placed them on the floor, and by means of imaginative hocus-pocus tried to create the illusion that I had a feather bed. But my bones were unusually skeptical.

The stench of the place was loathsome. We decided to talk it away. On learning that I was familiar with Hartford, Connecticut, he told me he had been acquainted with Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, when these writers lived on Farmington Avenue. He said that he was a graduate of Yale University and had done newspaper work all his life until the depression, when he was laid off. He guessed he was getting old. He laughed as he said this. Now he eked out an existence by going from one newspaper to another in an attempt to sell poems and special feature articles. It was very seldom, he said, that he could sell his material, but if an editor had any heart at all he slipped him a dollar or two.

We continued to talk all night in whispers. It was not easy to go to sleep, for a man in the next room was coughing continuously and expectorating on the floor. Then we heard a gruff voice: "Hey, you mug. Stop your coughing. An' you don't have t' spit all over me. See? Now quit it or I'll knock the —— out of you."

Case 3. I met C in the Central Union Bureau in Houston, Texas. This relief agency is humorously referred to as "Hotel de Bum," because it treats its patrons with the utmost possible courtesy. C was a red-faced Scotchman with blue eyes that looked sad and disappointed. By trade he was a layer of tiles, and during the boom days in Florida had earned between $150 and $200 a week. He had led a happy family life until five years ago, when his wife began to suffer from cancer. In an effort to cure her he moved his family to Southern California. The best cancer specialists were employed, but they merely succeeded in prolonging her life three years. The expenses of those three years reduced his savings in the bank.

He has a daughter who is a student of music in some university in London. To her he has transferred all of his money in order that she may complete her studies. For two years he has been alone, wandering over the forty-eight States in search of work, but he has carefully kept from his daughter the fact of his unemployment. His last words before our parting were bitter: "The biggest crime a citizen can commit in this country is to lose a job. From what I hear, people think more of Al Capone than they do of a penniless man out of work. On the street they look at us as if we were vermin."

Case 4. In Wenatchee, Washington, I saw for the first time what we wanderers on the road call a "wolf." The polite term would be pederast. He was a horrible-looking individual with red hair, bent nose, and repulsive lips. Three upper teeth were missing and as we waited for the Northern Pacific freight train, he told me a railroad bull had clubbed the "ivory" out of his head for riding a passenger train "in the blind," that is, just behind the engine, where it is possible to steal a ride. The more I looked at his face the uglier it seemed to be. Somehow he suggested the satyrs I used to read about in my younger days, when I studied Greek mythology.

With the wolf was a pretty-faced boy—he could not have been over twelve years old. "He's the best little bum y'ever saw," said the wolf. "See this sack of sandwiches? He mouched it. We never goes hungry, does we, kid? He gets us money, clothes, food, yeah, and even shoes. Don'cha, kid?" The youngster responded with a forced grin.

As the freight was about to pull out of Wenatchee, we rushed back and forth along the side of the track in search of an empty box-car. One man was seen crawling into an "empty" and in a few minutes fifty more followed. The wolf and the boy climbed up the side of the car to "ride the tops." Once the men were comfortably seated on the floor of the box-car they began to pull sacks of Bull Durham out of their pockets. Despite the rocking of the "hobo special" they managed to roll their cigarettes. Some lighted the "snipes" which they had "shot" (the cigarettes they had picked up out of gutters or theater entrances). Others began to eat dry bread.

"Jesus Christ!" piped a man, "I never saw so goddam many wolves as in this State."

A second voice rejoined: "Yeah, did you see that stiff up there with the kid?"

"Maybe he's the kid's father," said another sardonically.

"A guy with that mug? Hell, no," someone answered quite naively.

Although any scientific statement as to the number of boys that have been seduced is impossible, it may in general be said that there is at least one wolf on almost every freight train. The wandering pederast degrades the character of the victim, teaches him to beg, lie, and steal so that he may profit thereby. He accomplishes his aims under the pretense of befriending the youngster. How life will deal with these boys is not hard to foresee.

Wandering Boys

The second largest group on the road is made up of boys between ten and twenty-one. There are probably hundreds of thousands of minors roaming the country. These youngsters present a problem entirely different from that of other groups. Few of them are looking for work, for the reason that people generally, out of pity for their youth, befriend them and give them food, shelter, clothes, and even money.

A good many of the boys, though they have homes to which they can return, have preferred to "hit the road" for the sake of adventure. Other causes are quarrels at home, failure in school and college, undernourishment at home as a result of the unemployment of the family wage-earners, and in the case of those over sixteen years of age inability to find work in their home towns. A youngster whom I met in Richmond, Virginia, slapped his protruding stomach and said with a grin: "The road's the life! Gained nine pounds in two months. I never used to get nothing at home and now I eat all I want."

Case 1. I was sitting on the edge of an oil tank heading for Sacramento, California, when I saw A, who could not have been more than ten years old, climbing down from the adjoining box-car. The train was rolling along at about thirty-five miles an hour.

"Watch your step, bud," I cautioned.

"Oh, shut up," he snapped. I thought him rather tough for his age.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He crawled up next to me on the tank. "You guys think you know everything, just because you're big. You make me sick." He paused a moment and then pulled a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket. "And I'm a better bum than you." He was proud as he eyed his coin.

"Say, give us a smoke, will you?" he asked in a more friendly tone. I was about to preach to him against smoking at his age, but I knew this cocky vagabond would only laugh in my face. I gave him a cigarette and in order to find out who he was I flattered him by praising his ability in the fine art of bumming. He came from Arizona. His father had given him a pony which had been the cause of many a fight between him and his brother. One day in the heat of an argument he had thrown a knife at his brother. He thought he had killed him and in fright had hopped a freight. He did not know where he was going or what he intended to do. I advised him to go home, but he only laughed.

Case 2. A few minutes after six one December morning B and I were assigned to stack newspapers and magazines in the workroom of the Salvation Army in Richmond, Virginia. B was eighteen years old. He said his father, the sole wage-earner in the family, had died just after his own graduation from high school a year before. His married brother, with whom he could not get along, had consented to take care of his mother. Failing to find work in his native city of Baltimore, B decided to see the country "on the bum." That December morning he was planning to take a freight to New York, but he did not intend to stop off in his native town.

"Why New York?" I inquired.

"What difference does it make where a fellow goes? One place is about as good as another for a man on the bum. I'll hold the town down as long as I can and then shove off to somewhere else."

In the midst of our conversation one of the Salvation Army employees growled, "Hey, youse guys, get going, if you want your breakfast."

Case 3. Five hungry men were applying for a meal at the Spohn Hospital in Corpus Christi, Texas. The man in charge said he would be very glad to feed us if we would be willing to do a little work afterwards. He said he was sorry to impose such a condition on hungry men, but that he had to follow the orders of the police. A youngster from Alabama and myself were told to water the cabbage plants in the hospital garden. We smoked, worked, and talked under the warm Texas sun. The boy told me he had just come out of a reformatory, and that it was impossible for him to get work in his native town. Having no one to aid him, he had hit the road.

Women on the Road

Women are the smallest group on the road. Like the men and boys they are the victims of the economic collapse. They are to be seen on freight trains as well as on the highways though as a rule they prefer the highway.

Case 1. I was outside the city limits of New Orleans flagging automobiles, when I saw A wearily walking toward me. She was a heavy-set girl of twenty-five. She said she had no patience to stand in one spot and solicit rides. "I've got to keep moving," she added.

"Where you going?" I asked.

"To Florida."

I inquired what she expected to do there. "Oh, try to get a job. I can wait on tables and I know shorthand. The rich will be wintering there. They may make business. I'm going to try my luck anyway. If the breaks go against me, I'll try New York."

She had come originally from Los Angeles. She had lost her job as a stenographer and had worked in a cafeteria until she was discharged. After three months of idleness she became restless, had a quarrel with her family, and decided to go East.

Case 2. A young man stood on the highway in Seguin, Texas, soliciting rides in the direction of Houston. With him were his wife and their six-months-old baby. One might have expected that they would have no difficulty in getting a ride, but they were on the highway all afternoon before a truck driver took the trouble to give them a ride to another town. I asked the young husband why he was moving his family from town to town. He said he could not stay in any one place very long without seeming to become a burden on the community, which politely ordered him to depart. People seldom give assistance to beggars for any great period of time. The husband was a traveling construction worker and therefore had no permanent residence where he might have claimed relief. He was on his way to Houston to see about work.

Case 3. One afternoon in autumn a freight train bearing a human cargo of a hundred or more wanderers was pulling out for Missoula, Montana. Being familiar with Montana we knew how miserably cold its autumn nights are. Before boarding the freight we had searched for an empty box-car which might provide a little shelter, but there were no empties. So we had climbed to the top of the cars, assumed a squatting position, and pulled our hats down over our ears to keep our heads warm.

Squatting next to me was a man of forty-five with his wife, his daughter of fourteen, and a son of sixteen, all clad in overalls. In their faces one could discern only tragedy and desperation. I tried to induce them to talk, but it was impossible.

The train gave the "highball," that is, two whistles, the signal of starting. Then faster and faster whirled the wheels on the cold tracks. Clouds of smoke from the engine drifted over our heads and covered us with cinders. Sticking out in space fifteen feet from the hardened ground, we were an easy prey to the wind that pushed us off balance on the bends. But it was no time to lose heart. Our numb hands clung like leeches. Even for derelicts living is a necessary business. Some of the wanderers, unable to stand the discomforts of the night ride, climbed off the train at the first division point of the railroad, to thaw out their limbs. By the time the freight jerked its way into Missoula, only a third of the original cargo was left. Under the glassy Montana moon my taciturn traveling companions and the other human freight looked like strange, fantastic creatures. Our faces bore the marks of cinders. A man with a lamp approached us. It was a brakeman. "Better get off and build a fire, you fellas," he said. "No use going any farther. You'll freeze to death." The man with his family descended. The brakeman noticed the shivering children. He was genuinely moved. "Here's two dollars," he said. "Now get those kids something to eat."

[*The second and third instalments of The Starvation Army will appear in the next two issues of* The Nation.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Has Roosevelt Accomplished?

By NORMAN THOMAS

IT is now four weeks since President Roosevelt, aided by unusual circumstances, began to put through his program with an energy and directness of purpose surpassing anything his earlier record had led us to expect. The outlines of that program are already clear; much of it has already become law. It is fair to examine it in the light of what it has accomplished and is likely to accomplish.

At the very outset it is evident that despite the President's achievements and immense popularity no miracles have been performed. The valuable chart of business conditions published by the New York *Times* on March 25 recorded a new low for the week. Papers on the same day reported that almost 20 per cent of the banks of America were either closed, or open under the most stringent restrictions. According to Mark Sullivan some $6,000,000,000 were tied up in these banks. This represents, as the net result of our remedial banking legislation to date, an avoidance or postponement of complete collapse of the system at the price of a still further increase of economic paralysis. At a time when the desperate need of the country is increased purchasing power, the purchasing power which we had is reduced by perhaps another 20 per cent. Nor is there anything in the legislation already adopted or proposed which promises relief. What Congress has done is confer on the President semi-dictatorial powers to save a capitalist system which has been unable to save itself. It is by no means certain that the job can be done at all; it is certain that if it is done it will be at the price of a definite transition to a fascist stage of capitalism—that is, a stage where private profit and private ownership of property for power are maintained under the immense authority of the state, although they have lost all the older sanctions which upheld them in the laissez faire economy. This will be clear if we examine the program under its various heads.

1. *Banking.* Assuming that the federal government and the States have permitted only those banks to open which can weather the gale, we shall probably be saved from an acute financial panic. (If there is any dramatic failure of banks now opened our last state will be worse than our first —a possibility that we shall not discuss.) But our salvation from panic does not mean that we may not die of further deflation. The measure of inflation for sound banks provided under the terms of the new law will do little to help the situation for the depositors in closed banks, for the regions they served, or for the public in general. Almost certainly the Administration and Congress will be driven by economics as well as political necessity to some further measure of inflation. If such inflation can be controlled so that it can be stopped if and when commodity prices reach the level of 1926-27, and if it can be turned directly to a partial restoration of purchasing power for the unemployed, it will be a blessing and not a curse. On the other hand, an uncontrolled inflation or inflation not directed especially to the needs of the unemployed will be a further disaster.

What is even more important is that we have no hint of any proposal to supply regions most affected by the closing of banks with new and sound facilities. In the absence of a direct plan for meeting this need, the strong banks, directly or indirectly, will inevitably enter the field and buy up the crippled banks for a song. Depositors whose sole fault it was that they guessed wrong which of several banks, all operating under government inspection, were solvent will be left holding the bag. Our banking and credit system will be more centralized than ever, and it will be centralized in the hands of precisely the same interests that floated Peruvian loans and backed Kreuger and Insull. Charles E. Mitchell cannot take all their sins on his shoulders. At best we may expect nothing better than a banking system as conservatively managed as the Canadian. Indeed, it is doubtful if we can get one as good, considering the tradition and psychology of our bankers. The money changers, washed behind the ears and wearing temporarily the raiment of righteousness, will not only be back in the temple; they will own the temple. A magnificent opportunity to nationalize the banking system and to use it as an engine for the sound distribution of that which we produce will have been lost. The government will have saved the bankers from their own folly only to surrender the system back to them for their power and immense profit.

2. *Balancing the Budget.* Here again what the President has done for the national budget and what he apparently wants to do for the railroad budget, however necessary it may seem, represents a still further deflation. The only gain for railroads, if the projected plan for regional consolidations is adopted, will be a consolidation of service by the various roads at the price of discharging a high percentage of their already reduced force of workers. These men will be sacrificed primarily to the interest of bond-holders. If the scheme works, the power of government will once more have been used to protect capital and to prolong the life of the very system which has failed. It is difficult to see, however, how this sacrifice of workers to capital will bring even such benefits of financial stability as will compensate for the increased unemployment. If there is to be regional consolidation, it ought to be as part of a plan for nationalizing railroads without paying fancy prices to security holders when the value of their securities is already so low. Discharged workers should be protected by unemployment indemnity.

What I have said about the deflation attending the proposed economies for railroads is true of the economies in government service already enacted. What the United States needs is comprehensive social insurance for all classes of workers to cover all sorts of disabilities. This social insurance is different from class legislation for veterans whose disabilities may not have been incurred in war. Nevertheless, whatever the bitter necessity for some economy, and the advantage of checking the power of the veterans' bloc in Congress, the plain truth is that the much-praised economy law means further deflation of the purchasing power of underpaid workers. This is especially true now that the President has failed to establish a minimum wage below which the 15 per cent cut will not apply. It is already evident that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economies of this Administration will be at the expense of peace-time workers and veterans of former wars far more than at the expense of preparation for the next war.

3. *Farm Relief.* Evidently the Administration hopes to overcome the deflationary aspects of its other measures by its program for increasing the purchasing power of farmers. There are two questions concerning this plan: (1) Will it work at all? (2) If so, will it bring worse evils in its train than it cures? I recognize the desperate plight of the farmers and a certain poetic justice in giving them subsidies equivalent to those already heaped upon manufacturers through tariffs. I am, however, more skeptical than is the President about the possibility of raising agricultural prices in a time of general depression and falling prices, even at an expense which may amount to a billion dollars a year in the cost of food to underpaid and unemployed workers. It is certain that we can have no grimmer commentary on our economic order than that it is considered necessary in a hungry world to subsidize an artificial scarcity. It is possible to argue that we may, under modern dietary standards, produce more wheat or corn than we need. In cities where malnutrition has increased 55 per cent in the schools since the depression, it is tragic nonsense to say that we need less food. To subsidize scarcity we are giving the Secretary of Agriculture greater and more unchecked power over agricultural production and prices than any single official possesses anywhere in the world. Under this dictatorship President Roosevelt is trying to stabilize a chaotic agricultural situation without curing anything. He is not getting rid of the curse of landlordism and tenantry; he is not adjusting scientifically an intolerable burden of farm taxation; he is not socializing marketing machinery with regard either to what the farmer buys or sells. Instead of reducing the whole burden of indebtedness which the farmers carry, he is by his plan seeking to give them something which the mortgage holders can collect. It is fair to add that the President would supplement this legislation by refinancing certain classes of farm loans, but his proposal falls far short of the Socialist suggestion that the entire burden of farm debts be refinanced and lightened by the application of the capital levy on wealth, or that the entire debt and tax situation be used to facilitate a kind of voluntary socialization of farms. On the contrary, the President's plan, if it works, will destroy the desire of the farmers to come to grips with their real problems. Supporters of this bill are tying up the interest of the farmers, with all their immense and disproportionate political power, to the fate not only of the capitalist system but of the particular political party whose representative is the sole judge of the prices he may set and the amount of crop reduction, real or nominal, he may require. However experimental this bill may appear to President Roosevelt, it will no more be temporary emergency legislation—if it works at all—than were tariffs for infant industries which have never grown up. It will create a permanent farmers' bloc at least as dangerous to general well-being as any tariff or veterans' bloc.

4. *Unemployment Relief.* Here the net result of the President's proposals is certainly an advance on his predecessor's incredibly pig-headed stupidity in confining federal aid to nominal loans and in insisting that relief was a local problem although depression, as even Mr. Hoover recognized, was a world-wide phenomenon. The President's program, as he has worked it out with Senators more radical than himself, might have been tolerably adequate in 1930 or 1931. It is today hopelessly inadequate. Work camps, a half-billion-dollar federal grant to depleted local relief treasuries, and some appropriation for public works, not yet agreed upon, may serve at best to avert actual starvation in America. They will not lessen depression by increasing purchasing power. We shall standardize poverty when we ought to be socializing wealth. The President's special enthusiasm for his work-camp idea is at this point significant and revealing. Such work camps fit into the psychology of a fascist, not a Socialist, state. Local relief authorities, by withholding relief, will see to it that for thousands of men these camps mean forced labor. You will either work at a wage far below standard wages or starve. I entirely sympathize with the A. F. of L. criticism of the work-camp bill.

It is absurd to say that a country which could finance war against Germany and employ the energy of all its citizens in tasks of destruction cannot more adequately finance a holy war against poverty and unemployment and utilize the energies of its citizens in works of construction. The Socialist program for a federal maintenance allowance, to be supplanted as rapidly as possible by an immense program of public works including hospitalization and good housing in place of slums and shacks, could be financed the first year at the outside for twelve billion dollars. It would cost less if the plan worked rapidly. In so far as bonds were used they should be underwritten by income and inheritance taxes and a capital levy. This attack on unemployment would require redistribution of income. It would not be successful unless it was accompanied by socialization of natural resources and great industries. In its proper setting it is the way out.

Failure to follow this way, no matter how energetic or politically skilful the President may be, means either an indefinite continuance of the present depression or its slight and temporary mitigation under what will be in effect a fascist state. The essence of fascism as contrasted with socialism is not in the particular antics by which a Mussolini or a Hitler may seek to keep an exploited people quiet. It is not even dictatorship as contrasted with democracy, though that is an important feature of its technique. The essence lies in the purpose for which the power of the political state is used and the class interest which is dominant in it. It is in this sense that I speak of our immensely rapid drift to fascism. Sooner or later, I suspect, something more will be necessary to divert the exploited workers than the personal popularity of a President who has met Will Rogers's demand that he do something even if it is only to burn down the Capitol! We, no less than the Italians and the Germans, will need the heady wine of nationalism and race prejudice to keep us drunk. Three per cent beer will hardly do the job! Meanwhile the fascist society is on its way. It may temporarily postpone catastrophe. It is itself disaster.

The situation calls for more than a leader. It cannot be met by any plans until we face the essential question of purpose. For whom and for what do we plan? It is at this point that the Socialist answer begins. Plans may have to be adapted to varying situations. It is the purpose of achieving the cooperative commonwealth that is vital. That purpose will not be achieved by hysterical support of the President today and perhaps equally hysterical criticism of him tomorrow. It requires the intelligent organization of workers with hand and brain in their own behalf.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saving Our Soil

By E. A. SHERMAN

TOM and Nancy Lincoln "aimed" to make a permanent home on their thirty-acre farm in Kentucky on Knob Creek, so Tom cleared the timber from a broad hillside and planted it to corn. The sequel, as related by Carl Sandburg, was discouraging:

> It would not be easy to forget that Saturday afternoon in corn-planting time when other boys dropped the seed corn into all the rows in the big seven-acre field—and Abe dropped the pumpkin seed. He dropped two seeds at every other hill and every other row. The next Sunday morning there came a big rain in the hills; it didn't rain a drop in the valley, but the water came down the gorges and slides, and washed ground, corn, pumpkin seeds, and all, clear off the field.

In consequence of this disaster Tom Lincoln searched for other lands, and in the fall of 1816 loaded his household goods on two pack horses and with Nancy and Abe moved north across the Ohio River to a new piece of land on Little Pigeon Creek in Indiana. The fateful hegira of the boy Lincoln out of the South and into the North was impelled by the grim necessity imposed upon the pioneer by soil erosion.

The story of the advance of the American settler from the hillside farms of the Appalachian mountain system westward across the continent to the prairies of Illinois and Iowa is the Lincoln experience repeated over and over again, with infinite variety. When the pioneer had finished his cabin, built shelter for his stock, cleared away the virgin forest, gathered the surface stones into fences, grubbed out the stumps, and finally plowed and planted his field, he thought his task of farm-building completed and his work permanent. Too often he found the task of maintenance even greater than that of original construction. Each year seemed to bring a new crop of stones to be gathered from the ground, and each year the soil grew harder to till and its harvest less abundant. It was commonly believed that the rocks were raised to the surface during the winter by the action of the frost. Some said the land "wore out"—that the crops had exhausted its plant food. At any rate, even the most frugal and industrious pioneer in a few short years found his toil on hillside fields so scantily rewarded that he was compelled to abandon his home and seek new fields farther West, until finally the vast valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi were occupied and tilled.

This migration ended more than a generation ago, but the physical forces that were a contributing cause are operating today just as they did in Lincoln's boyhood. And now they are taking toll from a vastly increased acreage of correspondingly greater value. The Department of Agriculture says that a conservative estimate of the cost of erosion to the American farmer, stated in monetary terms, is over $200,000,000 a year; in solid matter it is at least 1,500,000,000 tons annually; in quantities of phosphoric acid, nitrogen, and potash the annual cost is placed at 54,000,000,000 pounds. Erosion is estimated to take from the farms of this country each year twenty-one times as much plant food as all cultivated crops. Already 17,500,000 acres once cultivated have been so severely washed or gullied that neither cultivation nor reclamation is feasible, while the process is so widespread and is proceeding at such a rate that unless it is checked the same condition will be well advanced on 100,000,000 acres within a hundred years. This means that one-fourth of our nation's arable land is in jeopardy. The 500,000,000 tons of suspended material carried each year by our rivers down to the sea represent greater territorial wealth than many a province over which nations in times past have waged costly war. If this loss were caused by the depredations of a foreign people instead of by our own negligence, we too would raise a call to arms.

President Roosevelt has wisely included control of soil erosion among the projects in his proposed program of public works. That vigorous steps have not long since been taken to check this wastage is owing to the fact that only in recent years have even the best-informed agriculturists realized the true extent of the loss. Of course, practical farmers long ago learned better than to attempt to farm such steep lands as those Tom Lincoln tried to plant. But not until carefully controlled experiments on relatively level lands were conducted by a number of agricultural colleges did the American farmer learn that even on such lands soil erosion frequently levies a toll on fertility a hundred-fold greater than that taken by his crops. Instead of being a menace only to an occasional steep slope or narrow draw, soil erosion has been taking the very lifeblood of our richest plow lands.

Soil erosion is costly to agriculture where its activity is little suspected. The Des Moines River, which crosses Iowa through the heart of the richest farm land on the continent, was shown by the report of the National Conservation Commission in 1909 to carry into the Mississippi 518 tons of matter in solution and suspension for each square mile of watershed, a greater weight in proportion to area than any other river in North America excepting only the Grand (Colorado) River in Colorado. This was only part of the loss. Rich soils carried only a few hundred feet from nearby slopes and deposited in depressions as an over-layer on even richer soils are substantially as completely lost as though they were carried a thousand miles down stream.

Soil erosion is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of natural forces. That is why the losses resulting from it have created so little public concern. As Dr. Jekyll it has laid down the fertile soils of the earth. As Mr. Hyde it is the father of floods and a ruthless, insidious thief of soil fertility. Under most conditions, erosion—a natural process which is always going on—is not only harmless but actually beneficial. It is the great leveler of the earth. It takes tiny particles of material from the rocks of mountains and with them fills valleys and levels them into fields with fertile soil. When nature is undisturbed, the action of erosion is uniformly benign. Only as man disturbs the soil are its Mr. Hyde characteristics revealed.

The soil-robbing activities of erosion roughly fall into two general classes—gullying and sheet erosion. The former is a bold thief, quickly detected and checked with compara-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive ease if proper methods are promptly applied. The latter is an insidious thief whose levy upon soil fertility usually goes unsuspected. The two together have bent the backs and broken the hearts of more American farmers than all other causes combined. Unfortunately, American agriculture has thus far lacked aggressive leadership in dealing with this problem. Apathy, combined with a spirit of defeatism, has quite generally allowed wasting practices to go not only uncorrected but almost unnoticed. Remedial steps have been taken by individual landowners here and there, but like the weather, erosion has furnished a nation-wide topic for conversation with a corresponding lack of action.

Soil erosion is more easily prevented than cured. On virgin wild land the soil, through the process of ages, has reached a stage of comparative stability with the most fertile layer on top. To keep it so, it is only necessary to leave it undisturbed. As fields are needed, the more level lands should be cleared and cultivated first. Properly used, their fertility is everlasting. Gently rolling lands may be converted into meadows of permanent utility or may be terraced at reasonable cost and cultivated without material soil losses. The steeper slopes should be kept for timber production and harvested conservatively. Clearing and cultivating such land requires, as Tom Lincoln learned to his sorrow, a heavy labor investment which is never fully repaid. After a few scanty crops at the best, both the land and the labor expended on it become a total loss.

It is now easily seen that great injury to our land might have been avoided. But the pioneer worked under the drive of necessity and made his living as he could. Each generation takes the earth as it finds it. Our generation inherited a land which had been in many respects vastly improved by our forbears and we should not complain because they made some mistakes that require correction. They made fields from the unbroken wilderness. The task of stopping injury to those fields and making them permanently productive is something for us to do. What would have been utterly beyond the power of the pioneer in his day can be done easily with the cyclopean power-driven machinery of this age.

Even today many of the mistakes of the past are being repeated because the landowner does not know what remedial measures to take or the necessity for them. Yet if he were properly advised, he would usually readily and gladly take the requisite action to protect his property. The same amount of toil that the American farmer has spent on hauling to his fields and spreading over them the manure from his barn and cowshed in a vain struggle to maintain the fertility of his lands would, if properly directed, have saved them from being robbed of a hundred times more plant food than his puny efforts have replaced. This is now becoming so well known, not only to farmers and agriculturists, but to engineers, economists, and publicists as well, that the public generally is awakening to the fact that the foundation of our country's entire economic structure is being threatened. ("The ultimate end of unchecked erosion," writes an engineer engaged in reclamation work in the Far West, "is destruction of civilization itself through the lack of soil to support it.") It matters not how many years it takes these forces to destroy the crop-producing power of our nation's fields. Whether 10 years or 100 or 500, unless one is willing to envision his country as a shrinking entity, like Balzac's wild ass's skin, the end comes too soon.

The Department of Agriculture has a constructive plan for dealing with this problem which it can act upon as soon as the people have a sufficiently strong realization of the need to accept its leadership and approve the requisite federal expenditures. The task is truly a tremendous one. It involves direct action affecting land holdings from which more than 30,000,000 people obtain their livelihood. Success will necessarily depend upon their general support and cooperation. Fortunately, the federal government has a successful example, as a precedent, in its efforts to reduce losses from forest fires. Since 1911, 240,000,000 acres of forest lands have been brought under organized protection and the losses from fire reduced to one-eighth of the losses occurring in unorganized areas. The theoretical distribution of the financial burden is 25 per cent to the federal government, 25 per cent to the State, and 50 per cent to the landowner. The total cost to the federal government annually has never reached $2,000,000, and the States and private owners have expended more than their theoretical 75 per cent of the total cost of protection.

The problem of preventing soil erosion and controlling floods on a nation-wide scale is in many respects much simpler than the problem of controlling or preventing forest fires. Each involves problems of jurisdiction over great areas of land and affects the interests of a multitude of landowners and land users. But fighting forest fires is emergency work in which the time element is vital, and one fanatic with a match may nullify the efforts of a thousand workers, while the control of erosion may be planned and carried forward deliberately with little hazard.

Even without federal aid and leadership a considerable acreage of farm land has already been terraced to prevent soil losses, notably in Texas and Oklahoma. If undertaken as a federal activity, the work of checking soil erosion would doubtless be directed by the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering, created by Congress in 1931, by transfer from the Bureau of Public Roads. The federal appropriation for the Bureau of Public Roads for 1933 is $100,000,000 and for Agricultural Engineering $139,130.

The writer believes that the time has now come for the nation to make a serious, business-like effort to stop further losses from soil erosion. Studies are not sufficient; losses should be stopped, not here and there, but everywhere. If we preserve the fertility of our fields we can build and maintain whatever roads we desire to the end of time. If fertility is lost, there will be little need for roads and little money for their future maintenance. With an annual appropriation of only a fraction of the funds now expended on road improvement, the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering, in cooperation with the States and landowners, could within twenty years stop destructive erosion on every acre of farm land in the country and favorably change the regimen of every one of our streams.

This activity would be farm relief of the most tangible and practical kind. The work would be applied directly to the land. Its objective would be to check wasting processes that are robbing farm lands of fertile soil. Toward a common end the nation and the States would contribute technical skill and leadership, engineering plans, machinery, materials, and supervision. The landowner would furnish the labor and teaming, his contribution usually constituting the major part of the expense. However, since he will be the first and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

largest beneficiary, such very substantial self-help may justly be expected and required of him. To him also the investment will usually be promptly and profitably self-liquidating. Terracing, in the States where the greatest amount of it has been done, has increased the value of the land an average of $8 an acre at a cost not exceeding $3.50 an acre.

Applied on a national scale, a campaign to stop unnecessary and destructive soil erosion would be the most far-reaching and constructive work, with the exception of the original task of pioneer land settlement and clearing, ever undertaken by the American people. To accord it priority would be to use good common sense and sound business practice in a vital matter of national land-use planning. Its objective appeals to the imagination of every man who likes to think that thousands of years from now our nation will not be "as Nineveh and Tyre"; but that under the care of a wise and intelligent people its fields will prove as enduring as the eternal hills.

Socratic Dialogue

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN AND MORRIE RYSKIND

The scene is Mr. Ryskind's favorite speakeasy—the one where Mr. Kaufman signs the checks.

MR. K.: Another glass of beer, Mr. Ryskind?

MR. R.: Don't care if I do. And thank you very much.

MR. K.: Don't thank *me*. Thank Mr. Roosevelt.

MR. R.: Say, that's right. If it wasn't for the President we'd still be drinking that 6 per cent stuff, instead of this 3.2.

MR. K.: What's the matter with 3.2? That's not a bad percentage. Those Harriman depositors would settle for that in a minute.

MR. R.: Yes, but will Harriman?

MR. K.: Well, he hasn't decided yet. As I understand it, Harriman is going to get together with France, and they'll make us a combined offer.

MR. R.: That means Harriman won't pay unless Germany disarms?

MR. K.: No. It just means Harriman won't pay.

MR. R.: There's just one sure way to keep the banks open. Pass a law against them, the way they did with the speakeasies.

MR. K.: That wouldn't do. You'd have too many banks in one block.

MR. R.: I guess you're right. With as many banks as that, the prisons would get too overcrowded.

MR. K.: Tell me—with all the bankers going to jail, what do you think will happen?

MR. R.: Well, the first thing they'll do is float a series of Mutual Welfare Gold Debentures, guaranteed by Singer and Marcus and S. W. Straus and Company, and payable in 1962, with time off for good behavior.

MR. K.: That's all right for 1962. But what happens in 1934, when the bonds drop to three and a sixteenth asked, and one-sixteenth offered?

MR. R.: What do you think'll happen? They'll close the jails.

MR. K.: Then what? You mean we have prison reform?

MR. R.: Sure. A bill is rushed through Congress giving the President dictatorial powers over the jails. So he opens the good jails and the rest of them stay closed. Maybe some of the Detroit jails will never open.

MR. K.: But what about the Reconstruction Finance Corporation? Aren't they supposed to help out?

MR. R.: Oh, sure. They keep right on lending money—good jails and bad. No matter what happens.

MR. K.: Let me get this straight. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation just keeps on lending money?

MR. R.: That's right. On condition that there's no security.

MR. K.: Well, whose money is it? Whose money are they lending?

MR. R.: It's very simple. You see, they take the money that the depositors put into the good banks—

MR. K.: And lend it to the bad banks.

MR. R.: Now you've got it!

MR. K.: But if they're going to do that, why don't they let Harriman keep it in the first place?

MR. R.: Don't worry—he's going to. Waiter! Two beers!

MR. K.: Make mine the same!

MR. R.: Two times 3.2—that's 6.4, isn't it? That's not bad beer, Mr. K.

MR. K.: That's what it isn't. But tell me—have you tried any of this 3.2 wine?

MR. R.: No, I haven't. Tell me about that.

MR. K.: I've been making some at home. You take two parts of hydrogen and one part oxygen, and mix them together. That gives you H_2O, or 3.2 wine.

MR. R.: H_2O? That's water, isn't it?

MR. K.: Well, what do you think 3.2 is? Wine?

MR. R.: That depends on the Supreme Court. If they say it's wine, it's wine—with Brandeis dissenting.

MR. K.: Just the same, Mr. Roosevelt is doing a pretty good job. He's got the whole country behind him, and we Democrats have got a right to be proud.

MR. R.: We Democrats? I thought you voted for Thomas?

MR. K.: I did. But that was in New York City, and it wasn't counted.

MR. R.: Then I'm a Democrat, too?

MR. K.: Sure you are. If you voted for Thomas.

MR. R.: Well, I'll be darned! We've got to celebrate that! Waiter! Four beers!

MR. K.: Make mine the same!

MR. R.: Yes, sir, he's doing a great job—Roosevelt. A great job. Tell me—is Roosevelt married?

MR. K.: Sure he's married. Been married for years.

MR. R.: Funny. You never read anything about his wife.

MR. K.: Waiter! One rotogravure section!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What I Believe

By ELLEN GLASGOW

TO begin with my start in life, since all of us who are not converts for an advantage bring a measure of our belief into the world with us, I was born with a nonconformist mind at a time when being a rebel, even an intellectual one, was less exciting and more uncomfortable than it is nowadays. By temperament I was on the side of the disinherited, a position which is neither commendable nor the reverse, but simply a matter of the thickness of the skin over one's nerves. The world I lived in as a child was, in part at least, the world of Dickens, and he, as Santayana has said, "was a waif himself, and utterly disinherited." Even now, I cannot tell whether I loved Dickens because he had compassion for "the deformed, the half-witted, the abandoned, or those impeded or misunderstood by virtue of some singular inner consecration," or whether the early influence of Dickens made me pity these unhappy creatures.

Although I was different from other children whom I knew, I excelled only in imaginary adventures, and I could never, no matter how hard I tried, learn to do sums. But a thin skin and over-sensitive nerves made my childhood unhappy. I saw painful sights that did not distress other infants or even the adult minds that surrounded me. For I had come into the world hating cruelty as Voltaire hated superstition (though, of course, Voltaire hated, too, the cruelty in superstition), yet I saw the needless suffering of human beings and especially of animals wherever I looked. I was a delicate child, and, perhaps for this reason, the tragedy of life and the pathos which is worse than the tragedy worked their way into my nerves and through my nerves into my beliefs. Yet, even at this tender age, my sense of humor was an adequate defense against the more destructive winds of doctrine.

In the first of my books I was moved to speak for the despised and rejected; but the raveled sleeve had not become a fashion in literature, and the disinherited was less welcome in that year of grace than he finds himself in an epoch that prefers the style of illiteracy to the language of romance. "The Descendant," an honest, defiant, and very immature book, bearing as its motto Haeckel's phrase, "Man is not above Nature, but in Nature," and softened here and there to satisfy the reluctant publishers' demands for "a moral or at least a pleasant tone," records, in words that are hot and crude and as formless as the revolt of youth, many of the things I believed passionately as a girl and believe reasonably as a woman.

For it does not alarm me to hear that an economic system must be revised or discarded. I had heard this as a schoolgirl—though in a republic which was still watching the Rockefeller fortune with admiration and envy, it was not at school that I heard such opinions. My own special interests were in the direction of history and literature; but it was my privilege to study economics (it was all political economy when I was sixteen, and Mill had not ceased to be a major prophet) under the guidance of a brilliant and fearless mind. A profound thinker and student, at least thirty years ahead of his time, my friend died at the age of twenty-six, crushed by physical pain, and crowded out of a world which required not brilliance, and certainly not fearlessness, but conformity. Yet wherever I look today I see his prophecies coming true. Though he did not predict the World War, he did predict other wars and a period of social evolution which would either overthrow our economic structure or result in a more equitable distribution of wealth under the present system. He said to me the first time I heard of Karl Marx, "The economists of the future will have to reckon with that force." There were other predictions, though he was never a convert to any theory; but, after all, I was asked to write an article on what I believe, not on how I came to believe.

To return, then, to my creed, I believe that the quality of belief is more important than the quantity, that the world could do very well with fewer and better beliefs, and that a reasonable doubt is the safety-valve of civilization. So I believe what I believe with an open mind. I am, I hope, ready to reject anything or to accept anything that does not embrace the old infamy, cruelty. I am not frightened by systems. I am not frightened even by names, since I have been called by almost every name, except the right one, as far back as I can remember. When I was one and twenty, it was all very exciting, for one and twenty is the proper age for revolt. One is still young enough then to have faith in some miraculous system which will abolish cruelty and greed, and change the primary instincts that have made civilizations so uncivilized. One has not learned that systems are made by human nature, not human nature by systems, and that the ancient evils may still function through any social order. Nevertheless, if I firmly believe anything in later years, these are the things I believe:

Since I have no superstition concerning an economic structure, I believe that our system should be revised by economists with an eye for facts, not by prophets with the gift of visions. As a general theory, leaving the ways and means to specialists, I believe that the private ownership of wealth should be curbed; that our natural resources should not be exploited for individual advantage; that every man should be assured of an opportunity to earn a living and a fair return for his labor; that our means of distribution should be readjusted to our increasing needs and the hollow cry of "overproduction" banished from a world in which millions are starving; that the two useless extremes of society, the thriftless rich and the thriftless poor, should be mercifully eliminated by education or eugenics; that human progress cannot be weighed in noise and measured by many inventions; that the greatest discovery of the mind was neither fire nor electricity but the power to share in another's pain; that self-pity, the favorite vice of a generation too "hard-boiled" for compassion, is the softest and most primitive form of sentimentality; that art is older, as well as younger, than propaganda, and less subject, therefore, to the processes of change and decay; that freedom in literature should mean freedom not for the bawdy word alone but for the honest word also, freedom not only to be the "tough guy" in letters, but freedom

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even to wear, without rebuke, the white flower of a blameless speech; that civilization may include a chicken in the pot for every peasant but it includes something more; that if man were really civilized, any system ever invented might usher in the millennium; that fear of the end is an ignoble delusion; and that, to return to Santayana, writing now of the Homeric Age, "nothing can be meaner than the anxiety to live on, to live on anyhow and in any shape."

Furthermore, I believe that a change is approaching; whether for better or for worse, who would dare prophesy? Chance is not necessarily progress; evolution does not imply evolving upward. I should like to think that a fairer social order might be attained in an orderly way, through some third party with high principles; but is it probable, I ask myself, that the selfishness and greed of political parties can be overthrown by high principles and an appeal to right reason? It would be pleasant to imagine that the American people may experience, within the next hundred years, a great social and moral awakening, and begin ardently but intelligently to make over the world, that the citizens of this Republic may sweep away the cobwebs, old wasps' nests, and dead issues of politics, and reaffirm a noble faith in democracy. It would be pleasant, but is it not also incredible? Incredible, it seems, so long as the mass of human beings everywhere can find an escape from social injustice and cruelty, not in resisting, but rather in the thrill of inflicting, however vicariously, injustice and cruelty upon others. Thus I believe that the approach to a perfect state lies not without but within, and that the one and only way to a civilized order is by and through the civilization of man. "Blessedness," Spinoza has said, "is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself." And, surely, the greatest menace in an epoch so noticeably deficient in "blessedness," is the menace of material power which has outstripped philosophy, and placed the dangerous machinery of life and death in the grasp of an impatient and irresponsible child, with a child's instinctive worship of savagery and a child's contempt for the sober merits and counsel of adult wisdom.

Economists, believing naturally that economics can make or mar a world, tell us in many books that we are speeding to disaster, and I, for one, am inclined to believe that the prediction is true. Yet I believe also that, before we have reached the last turn on the way to disaster, we shall apply the brakes just in time to avoid the full force of the shock. Or, even if we fall, we are obliged to fall somewhere; and both history and anthropology assure us that we can never fall so low that the discredited will-to-live cannot pick us up, shake us well, and start us off again on our uncertain road between two eternities.

Still other observers insist, with a share of truth also, for truth is many-sided, that the crisis we are enduring is one of character, not of economics at all, and that men will not be saved until they have found a new religion. These prophets forget that men do not find a religion, but a religion finds men. It may or may not be true that the nearest approach to a vital religious impulse is embraced in the Russian experiment. Yet, granting this and much more, can anyone alive today imagine the American mind in a posture of adoration before an idol of government? The more Asiatic Russian temperament may not miss the luxury of a public criticism it has never possessed. To the American, however, the liberty to scoff is an inalienable right, protected by the law and the Constitution; and is it possible to picture the farmers of the South and West and the industrial workers of the North and East uniting in the worship of any powers assembled at Washington? The very force that would prevent our making a religion of any social system is, I think, the same imponderable agent that would defeat a violent revolution—that red hope of the left wing in politics. For the strongest power in our United States is, in my opinion, the relentless pressure of mass, not class, consciousness. The social divisions are too shallow; the classes feel and look too much alike either for reverence or for hostility.

Those zealous converts who are enriching our language with long foreign words will have trouble, I predict, not in persuading the American workingman that he is oppressed, but in convincing him that he is a "proletarian." For it is more agreeable to assign than to accept classification, and the restless proletarian may inquire in his turn, "But what are you?" Since we have lost, happily or unhappily, even the semblance of an aristocracy, there remains only an enormous public composed of self-centered individuals, each living for himself but all thinking in mass-consciousness. The scattered groups that we still call, more from habit than politeness, "the best people" are continually replenished by the upper levels of the order we are learning boldly but not without embarrassment to speak of as "the proletariat." It is this essentially fluid nature of our social divisions that makes a violent class struggle appear to be less a disaster than an absurdity.

Let an American workingman of active intelligence change places with an American banker, also of active intelligence, and in a few weeks neither the workingman nor the banker could be sure of the class in which he belonged. The gulf between an unwashed peasant and a perfumed aristocrat may have been too wide for a touch of nature to bridge; but even the most earnest revolutionist would hesitate, one imagines, to display on a pike a head that so nearly resembled his own. Yet, even so, and however mild the reversal, it would seem that, in a time of unrest, of intellectual defeat, of spiritual destitution, it is safer to examine our structure and make the necessary repairs. It would seem, too, wiser to profit by the past than to ignore or deny it; and the most superficial glance back into history will prove that more social disorders have been prevented by common sense with bread than have ever been put down by desperation with bayonets.

At this point we may stop long enough to ponder the changing fashions of intellectual revolt. Twenty-five years ago, when I remarked that it made no difference whether or not a man had stepped out of the gutter if only he had stepped out, I was taken to task by several of the deep young men of the period. For the deep young men of that day were not investigating the gutter. Instead, they were straining their muscles in the effort to write of the American plutocracy or the English aristocracy after the best manner of Henry James or Oscar Wilde. It is amusing, nevertheless, to remember that the word "gutter" offended the sensibilities of an earlier decade quite as severely as the phrase "well bred" shocks our hardened nerves nowadays. Yet it seems not only embarrassing but absurd to be obliged to explain to adult persons one of the first lessons every Southern child is supposed to learn at his mother's knee, or, failing a mother's knee, when he passes through kindergarten, and this is that the term "well bred" does not mean either well dressed or wealthy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has, in fact, as little to do with gentility or respectability as writing a book has, and all of us know, I assume, how very little that is.

Many ill-bred persons have been the children of royalty; many others have been, no doubt, sons or daughters of bishops. For good breeding may go in rags and often has gone in rags; it may step into the gutter; but it does not belong in the gutter and usually contrives to step out again. The first time I heard the words, I remember, they were used by my mother to describe an old colored man who came to clean out our hen-house and do other work befitting his years. "Uncle Will is so well bred," she told me, "I like you to be with him." He was not servile. Only a person who considered Epictetus servile could have charged Uncle Will with servility. What he had learned was the old Greek acceptance of fate, or better still, superiority to adverse fortune; all the qualities that lend needed dignity to human nature and appear on the surface of life as fine breeding—courtesy, restraint, forbearance, consideration for others. This is what Ortega y Gasset means when he speaks of "the nobly disciplined mind," and he adds discreetly, "It is not rare to find today amongst workingmen nobly disciplined minds."

And so, believing in, as well as sympathizing with, the nobly disciplined mind wherever it is stranded in an age that scorns discipline, it follows naturally that I prefer the spirit of fortitude to the sense of futility. It follows, too, I suppose, that I prefer, among other things, civilization to savagery (though, if we must return to the wilderness, I should choose the noble savage of Rousseau as my neighbor rather than the "sophisticated barbarian" or sentimental sadist of Franco-American fiction); that I prefer good manners to rudeness, especially toward the weak, the defenseless, and all those who are placed in what we call inferior positions; that I prefer, not new and popular alignments of the persecutors and the persecuted, but a social order in which nobody may be persecuted for his opinions.

Other things also I believe, and these other things are bound up with what I feel to be permanent issues. I believe in the evolution of life on this planet, and though I think that evolution does not imply evolving upward, I do believe that humanity has groped its way out of primeval darkness. I believe, as well, that on this long journey upward from lower forms man has collected a few sublime virtues, or, more accurately perhaps, a few ideas of sublime virtues, which he has called truth, justice, courage, loyalty, compassion. These ideas, and these ideas alone, seem to me to justify that blood-stained pilgrimage from the first cannibal feast, past the auto-da-fé of too much believing, to the moral and industrial crisis of the twentieth century.

Because the church has evaded these issues and imprisoned its faith in arbitrary doctrines, I think it has failed to satisfy the intellectual and spiritual needs of the modern world, in which primitive consecrations and barbaric symbols have lost, for many of us, their earlier significance. Yet I think, too, that the mass of men will not be content to live entirely without religion or philosophy as a guide.

And, finally, beyond this, I can see only the vanishing-point in the perspective, where all beliefs disappear and the deepest certainties, if they exist, cannot be comprehended by the inquiring mind alone, but must be apprehended by that inmost reason which we may call the heart.

In the Driftway

NEW guidebooks to France are like new illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland." The connoisseur of France—and everyone who has been there once considers himself an expert—regards the new guide and its particular bias with a keen unfriendly eye that never fails to catch an important omission or an unimportant inclusion. The latest guide to France strikes an ingenious and tempting note in international economy. "France on Fifty Dollars," by Sydney A. Clark (McBride, $1.90), is the title, and so far as the Drifter can tell—the Drifter is not very good at addition and never attempts long division any more—the book lives up to its title. It has other merits, too, that grow inevitably out of its $50 limitation. For one thing, the author gives the buses of Paris their due as a most excellent point from which to observe the French scene, both animate and inanimate, and justly celebrates French third-class railway travel for the completely satisfactory thing it is. For another, he invokes and explains those French immortals, Chaix, Bibendum, and the Syndicat d'Initiative. Finally Mr. Clark discusses Paris taxis in a realistic fashion and refers in phrases restrained but adequate to that exquisite apéritif, vermouth cassis.

* * * * *

OF necessity, "France on Fifty Dollars" goes in for prices—and, after all, what is the use of a guidebook without prices. It is at this point, in fact, that the practical and competitive interest of the professional traveler is engaged. The Drifter, for instance, considers 20 francs pretty high for a double room even in the region of the Gare St.-Lazare. On the rue Jacobe, which is certainly just as desirable, he knows a double room whose price rose only 3 francs, from 12 to 15, between 1925 and 1928; he is morally certain that that room is available today for not more than 18 francs. To be sure, the humble hotel has not running water, but it has a "convenience"—and a young and very charming *patronne* who does her washing every week in the court just outside the hotel "office," which is four feet square.

* * * * *

THE Drifter knows another drifter, Scotch by instinct as well as ancestry, roamer of Europe for forty years, to whom "France on Fifty Dollars" will be a delight for two reasons, first, because its prices are low, and second, because they are high. He will be pleased that tourists are at last being led into the righteous paths of low prices; he will be more than satisfied to observe that low as the prices are, he can beat them every time. The Drifter cannot forget the pain he once inflicted by obtaining a room in Paris for one franc less than this *vieux voyageur* was paying. It was an empty triumph which he would never knowingly repeat.

* * * * *

SUCH are a few of the delights of guidebooks. The present one, like every other, is no bed of roses. The reader must toil through too many châteaux where kings lived with too many wives for an ordinary memory to encompass. The Drifter has emerged from this latest adven-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture into the château country (he has found it convenient to do most of his sight-seeing by guidebook) still a bit dim concerning the Duc de Guise, the porcupine, and the salamander. But Mr. Clark's tour has one great advantage. Fifty dollars do not allow for many sights, a fact which brings the Drifter to his principal objection to the volume. Is Mr. Clark sure that his cafe allowance is sufficient? And incidentally, why did he consider it essential to wound the feelings of South Brittany fans by dismissing it so cavalierly in favor of the north? THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Student Attack on War

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

There is now under way in the State of Washington a campaign to make military drill in State schools optional. A petition is to be circulated in order to put on the ballot machine in November, 1934, an initiative providing that military drill shall be made optional. Signatures are to be obtained by house-to-house canvassing by persons who have been assigned to specific areas. Also an educational campaign will be carried on by means of public meetings, lectures, literature, sermons, and similar activities. Editorial comment in such publications as ***The Nation*** **will be widely used.**

Considerable progress is being made in the circulation of the petition, but we are in need of all possible support. Militarism will not retreat submissively.

Seattle, Wash., March 15 MERWIN S. COLE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Oxford students to whom the white feathers were sent wore them. There are probably hundreds, even thousands, of students in this country who are opposed on principle to all war and who would welcome the opportunity to show publicly their attitude on this question. While the militarists are broadcasting their propaganda on all possible occasions, in season and out, I suggest the formation of White Feather clubs composed of those students who are willing to forswear all participation in any sort of war activity. The wearing of the white feather would be the symbol of membership.

Such clubs would become the active centers for anti-war agitation. Why not a chapter in each university or college throughout the country?

Faribault, Minn., March 23 WINFIELD S. NICKERSON
Late Captain, U. S. Medical Corps

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I quote in part the first announcement of the Student Anti-War League of the University of California at Berkeley.

> The danger of another world war is more than a possibility—it is a fact. In the Orient China and Japan are engaged in a wrangle that threatens to draw in all important nations of the world. In South America Bolivia and Paraguay are involved in another conflict; and war may break out at any moment between Colombia and Peru. The spread of fascism throughout Europe, as in Germany, Italy, and Poland, brings into control the nationalist elements whose maintenance of power depends on military aggression. . . .
>
> In the last war the universities were turned into armed camps. Professors were utilized for building up jingoistic propaganda. We cannot intrust the fight against the next war to those who were the tools of the militarists in the last one. We ourselves must unite if we are to have an effective struggle to prevent war. The Student Anti-War League has taken the initiative in organizing this struggle. The league is open to all students and members of the faculty who are sincerely opposed to war. The organization is non-partisan and proposes to unite all students in an active campaign.

At the first meeting, which was attended by over a hundred students, the executive committee was elected and a general program outlined. We have since held several meetings of the executive committee and have drawn up a speakers' program.

It is our desire to establish connections with other organizations engaged in this work so that we may cooperate with them. Please address correspondence to 1234 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, California.

El Cerrito, Cal., March 17 S. C. MASTERSON, JR.

The Archbishop and the Press

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of March 1 you quote a remark on women and capital punishment made by the Archbishop of York "on the floor of the House of Lords." The remark was part of a speech made at Caxton Hall in London, and in its proper context conveyed an impression quite different from the one you apparently received from the newspaper accounts. At the Caxton Hall meeting, which was very well attended, the Archbishop of York, Dr. Scott Lidgett, and other church leaders urged the abolition of capital punishment. Our London press, which is interested only in sensation, picked out one sentence from the Archbishop's speech and published it in such a way as to give an entirely erroneous idea of what he said. It is an interesting illustration of how mistakes can spread.

London, March 13 E. ROY CALVERT

The Neatest Nazi Trick

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

To prove that all talk about ill-treatment of Communists and Jews in Germany is just propaganda Herr Göring said he was willing to let impartial people see the alleged victims. And the New York *Times* of March 24 carried the following item:

> A report of the whereabouts of Ernst Thälmann, German Communist leader, was contained in a cable dispatch to the German Consulate-General in New York from the Federal Press Bureau in Berlin, received yesterday. It said:
>
> "*Nya Dagligt Allehanda,* leading Swedish paper, publishes an interview with Count Erik Rosen, Swedish explorer, on his return from Germany, where he visited the political prisoners in Berlin last Saturday noon. The Count says he was permitted to speak freely with Ernst Thälmann, Communist presidential ex-candidate, as well as with other Communist leaders who are interned; that none of them showed any signs of mistreatment, that the quarters were well heated, and that no complaints were made about the food."

The report of Count Rosen is almost as reassuring as if Göring had said it himself. For the press-bureau dispatch, inadvertently, no doubt, neglected to mention that the Count is the brother-in-law of Göring, who married a sister of Countess Rosen, and who has spent much time at the Swedish estate of his closest friend, Count Erik von Rosen. I think this little piece of fancy work is almost the cutest trick of the Nazi week.

New York, March 24 ERIK FREDGREN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Agree and Apologize

To the Editors of The Nation:

In your issue of February 28 you printed an editorial article on the Department of Labor in which you stated that for twenty years the Department of Labor, "with the shining exception of the Children's Bureau . . . has been a convenient repository for a few political legatees."

What about the Women's Bureau? Mary van Kleeck was its first director; Mary Anderson, its present head, has served under four Presidents and will probably continue. She has done wonderful work, for which you ought to give her credit, instead of including her department in your sweeping charge.

Chicago, March 1 Agnes J. O'Connor

I Want to Protest

To the Editors of The Nation:

I want to protest against the advertisement of the *Militant Atheist* that *The Nation* has carried from time to time in the past few months. I am almost ready to believe that *The Nation* is subsidized by the capitalistic press and is attempting to besmirch American socialism in the eyes of the people of the United States and the world. If that is your aim, you are doing a mighty good job. If it is not, you must be incomprehensibly stupid and tactless, because such advertisements invariably drive the vast majority of the people toward the worst sort of reaction.

I had intended to subscribe for *The Nation,* but since you insist on publishing such advertisements you can wait till doomsday to obtain a single red copper from me. *The Nation* should at least remain neutral in religious matters. If you insist on being antagonistic to religion, we Socialists shall have to classify you as being one of the worst enemies of socialism.

Lima, Ohio, March 26 Arthur Schumacher

Unemployed College Graduates

To the Editors of The Nation:

College graduates and the professional classes in general have been the group most severely affected in this depression. From the fragmentary and conservative figures so far published, one knows that there are at least 75,000 unemployed school teachers in this country; that in New York City alone there are more than 5,000 unemployed engineers and 1,500 unemployed journalists. The American Library Association estimates that there are fourteen unemployed librarians to every position in the profession. A bare living is what the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care estimates most medical practitioners earn. In the law the story is a similar one. Among college-trained business people, social workers, and others of undesignated professions, the devastation wrought by the present crisis is incalculable. Many students have been compelled to leave college to enter a jobless world because of lack of funds.

Yet there is not one legislative proposal in Congress at present designed to cope with the problems indicated by the foregoing statistics. And the forces arrayed against significant unemployment relief, as well as more permanent remedial measures, will prevent such legislation unless the people directly involved insistently and intelligently keep their plight before the eyes of their Washington representatives.

Now is the time to deliberate on and to work for a program designed to eliminate the causes of an unemployment that is so widespread that it throws a whole generation off balance. Now is the time to lay the basis for legislation which, within the limits of human fallibility, will end forever the kind of suffering we have had the last few years. Therefore the Association of Unemployed College Alumni calls on all unemployed college graduates and professional people to assemble in Washington on May 2 and 3 to discuss a legislative program and to call the attention of the nation's leaders to their situation.

Interested groups and individuals should send communications and inquiries to Dorothy Shoemaker, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

New York, March 23 Joseph P. Lash, Chairman

Socialist Lawyers' Association

To the Editors of The Nation:

A group of attorneys who are unwilling to accept the prevailing notion that the sole function of the lawyer is the defense of property rights, and who are impressed with the need for the socialization of legal thought and legal functions have organized the Socialist Lawyers' Association in New York.

Among the contemplated functions of this organization are the defense of civil liberties, research in legal-social problems, support of labor legislation and labor organization and in general the furtherance of the Socialist cause through the professional abilities of its members. The Socialist Lawyers' Association offers its counsel and assistance to sympathetic groups and urges all attorneys who are interested to communicate with me at 43 Exchange Place, New York City.

New York, March 15 Will Maslow

You can go abroad

IN YOUR 2 WEEKS' VACATION—BECAUSE

BREMEN EUROPA

ARE THE FASTEST LINERS AFLOAT

All-Expense Tours
(Third Class Atlantic)

$183
PARIS—Four days and nights in the gay Pleasure City

$189
LONDON-PARIS-BRUSSELS—More than a day in each city

$192
LONDON-PARIS—Two days in each great European center

$198
BERLIN—Four joyous nights and days in the gay capital.

ENCHANTING DAYS in aristocratic London... gay Paris... picturesque Brussels... magnificent Berlin.

THRILLING DAYS in the spacious third class of the transatlantic champions with every modern comfort. Care-free hours of dancing, music, Munich evenings, sports and relaxation in the refreshment of sea air. Assurance of comfort and beauty in the social rooms, stately dining hall, bright decks, immaculate cabins.

Other longer tours to all Europe at lower and higher prices by Lloyd express and cabin liners and in all classes. Write for Booklets.

North German Lloyd
57 Broadway, New York

OFFICES AND AGENTS EVERYWHERE

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spring Book Section

(James) Branch Cabell

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

OUR education and life-experience more or less determine our enjoyment of Mr. Cabell; but no unprejudiced mind can do less than respect him. If consistency and intellectual coherence are virtues, the author of "Jurgen" is virtuous. If you demand that a novelist's work should grow out of a clearly formulated central point of view—and most of us believe it should—Mr. Cabell's books are worthy of reverence. From "Gallantry" (1907) and "The Cords of Vanity" (1909) down to the latest volume,* his underlying conceptions of human life and art have never wavered or laid themselves open to the slightest misconstruction. Of all our novelists of note he betrays the least mental confusion. Twenty years ago he had a precise idea of what he wanted to do, and he has done it unhesitatingly and, beyond a doubt, as well as it could be done. The world in which he lives is one built up out of his own preferences; and as he knows his nature accurately, it is a world of complete clarity and internal coherence. It has the beauty and formal perfection of a well-blown soap bubble.

The consistency of his opinions is all the more to be admired because he has upheld them against the full current of his time. During the quarter-century which in America witnessed the triumph of the realistic novel, he has imperturbably championed the cause of romance. While all his contemporaries were delving into the past and present of American life, he was fashioning Poictesme. In a period notable for the almost complete rout of literary aestheticism Mr. Cabell, with grace and subtlety, defended the canon of art for art's sake. Competing with thousands of modern novels which stressed content as against style, Mr. Cabell has produced twenty which enshrine style to the triumphant displacement of content.

The Cabellian philosophy rests on a single axiom: all human life is as unimportant as it is unsatisfactory. Felix Kennaston, one of Mr. Cabell's many masks, says: "I quite fail to see why, in books or elsewhere, anyone should wish to be reminded of what human life is actually like. For living is the one art in which mankind has never achieved distinction." There is only one way in which life may be made livable and that is by turning one's back upon it, or, as Mr. Cabell puts it, "through a wise choice in delusions." These delusions are created for us by the demiurge, romance. They include such minor fictions as patriotism and religion and such major ones as self-esteem and sexual love. These latter phantasms Mr. Cabell likes to call gallantry and chivalry; and it is with the influence of these two "dynamic illusions" upon his heroes and heroines that all his novels deal.

The world wishes to deceive itself in order that it may not be forced to face the Gorgon's head of reality. Nothing can be done to change human life because it is governed by these delusions, which are constant, proceeding from the very nature of man. All progress therefore is unessential, touching merely the surface of things; or it is unreal, being itself one of mankind's dynamic self-deceptions. Science, which we naively assume to represent our most dependable knowledge of the real world, incessantly changes its conclusions and is consequently nothing but an amusing vagary of the human imagination, on the same level as, but inferior in picturesqueness and romantic appeal to, witchcraft, demonology, magic, and other techniques of "controlling" nature. While this view of science has its charming simplicity to recommend it, one is a little puzzled to note that when Mr. Cabell was unfortunately stricken with a dangerous illness he wanted "a corps of physicians" at his bedside, together with "all the better-thought-of drugs in extra large quantities." If Mr. Cabell's teeth are today, as one sincerely hopes, somewhat sounder than his metaphysics, should not one ascribe this happy circumstance, in some measure at least, to that fragment of the scientific myth known as the dynamic delusion of modern dentistry?

Now, if we accept Mr. Cabell's deprecatory view of the value of human life, we must also accept his view of the function of art: one flows from the other. We will agree with Felix Kennaston when he tells us that living things are more or less successful works of art to be judged by art's canons alone. If we empty the universe of moral struggle and life of the possibility of improvement, nothing, certainly, is left save the detached pleasures of purely aesthetic contemplation. For it is our imagination and our intellect, not our senses, which deceive us.

Art, therefore, becomes something not merely higher than life itself, but something basically different and apart from it. It is perfect only when it escapes reality entirely. As Mr. Cabell wittily says, art performs what religion only promises, to wit, the magical creation of a world where all our desires are fulfilled without any responsibilities being incurred. Art's signal function becomes "gracefully to prevaricate about mankind and human existence"; poetry becomes "man's rebellion against being what he is"; and the novelist becomes "life's half-frightened playboy." As life is ugly, the novelist's whole duty is "to write perfectly of beautiful happenings." He knows that "creative literature is but a variant of the child's game 'let's pretend' and that to excel in it requires the retention of a childish turn of mind." Here both Mr. Cabell's admirers and his detractors will agree that he has diagnosed his own case accurately. They will also agree that the corollary inevitably follows: The sole end of the artist's endeavor is to "divert himself," though the emphasis will be placed on the penultimate verb or the ultimate pronoun, according to which camp one is in.

The writer writes, says Mr. Cabell, because he "likes to," which would, according to Samuel Johnson's dogma, automatically make him out a fool. Those morbidly serious persons against whom Mr. Cabell directs the gentle arrows of his raillery would not agree with Dr. Johnson. They would agree, indeed, with Mr. Cabell himself, except that

* "Special Delivery: A Packet of Replies." By Branch Cabell. Robert A. McBride. $2.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they would raise the question: Does not the writer who "likes to" write, write somewhat more interestingly in proportion to the depth of his understanding, the range of his sympathies, the intensity of his passions—as well as to the degree of his skill in the cunning arrangement of suitably colored words? Mr. Cabell prefers "a writer who knows how to write, on the same principle that I prefer a cook who knows how to cook, or a chauffeur who can drive a car, and my concern with the moral earnestness of any one of the three remains equally exiguous." The morbidly serious will again point out that moral earnestness is not, at any rate, incompatible with good writing. They will further point out that Mr. Cabell's analogies are not only homelier than is quite proper for him, but incomplete; for the cook cooks food not for aesthetic diversion but that it may be eaten, and similarly the chauffeur drives the car not in order to trace a curve of formal beauty but to reach a specific destination. They will finally point to the fact that Mr. Cabell's preference for "a writer who knows how to write" leads him to admire the art of Mr. Hergesheimer in proportion to his indifference to the scribbling of Cervantes.

In general, however, Mr. Cabell's logic is indisputable—if you accept his premises. Not all are able to do so; and for the unregenerate who find substance in reality and drama in their own lives and those of their contemporaries, Poictesme will remain *terra incognita*. Between them and Mr. Cabell there can be no quarrel, or, at any rate—despite Mr. Cabell's frequent animadversions—none worth mentioning. Two varieties of animal faith cannot compete, unless both animals lose their sense of humor simultaneously. It would be fruitless, therefore, to try to denigrate Mr. Cabell's achievements by opposing to his a contrary philosophy. What is more interesting is to determine why his books, apparently remote from the main stream of American interest, have given and are giving pleasure to so many.

There are two groups who find in his work the satisfaction that comes from having one's prejudices upheld by a wit and logic to which the reader himself cannot pretend. The first class of Cabellians is composed of the Order of American Gentlemen. These may be semi-retired industrialists, old Southern aristocrats—who like to see their chivalric tradition lightly satirized by a dependable member of the family—and artists generally of the courtly and cynical tradition. Furniture collectors, amateurs of art objects, dilettanti, cognoscenti, and financiers of the Andrew Mellon stamp, who can draw from American pragmatism no theoretical defense of their position, find in Mr. Cabell an air-tight apology for their existences. This group, too refined, too intelligent to stomach the Cecil B. De Mille elegancies of Joseph Hergesheimer, turn with confidence to the impeccable pages of Mr. Cabell, which are really gentlemanly, in contrast to the bounder-in-the-drawing-room style of the author of "Cytherea."

Those American aristocrats who desire to preserve their privileges without fulfilling their mental and moral obligations find the irony of Mr. Cabell grateful and soothing. They absorb from his books a constant sensation of superiority without feeling that they are thereby incurring any responsibilities. The action of the Poictesme romances presupposes, without any vulgar insistence, the continuous presence of a large body of serfs—and this is also the central presupposition of the American gentleman. The American gentleman, contemning, because he stands in no need of it, the coarse optimism of his philistine fellow-citizens, prefers a view of life which we may characterize as pessimism without pain. This is precisely what Mr. Cabell provides.

The American gentleman wishes to preserve all the conventions; he wishes to find them respectable without being forced to respect them. In the attitude of Koschei, who "contemplates the spectacle with appropriate emotions," in Mr. Cabell's urbane argument in favor of the Protestant Episcopal church, he finds the perfect mirror of his wish to maintain the forms of morality without any obligation to take that morality seriously. What he most needs, in other words, is an art which assumes the status quo without betraying the weakness which comes of defending it, an art intensely conservative without the stigmas of militant toryism or Union League stodginess, an art which, taking for granted that reality will be provided for us by our servants, is free to occupy itself with the sensuous delights of fancy.

To date, one should gratefully record, he has achieved no special popularity with Henry van Dyke or William Lyon Phelps. From an observation of the reading habits of many thousands of Americans, I would hazard a guess that at present Mr. Cabell's largest body of followers is composed of certain literary college boys and girls, together with those recent graduates who find industrial civilization very unpleasant to confront. Unsure of their position in society, but at the same time feeling a legitimate pride in their superior taste, wit, and literary background, they need someone who will reinforce their sophistication without compelling them to examine the bases upon which it rests. There is no doubt that the dyed-in-the-wool Cabellian gets from his books a comfortable sensation of his own superiority. Here are all the playthings of scholarship—imaginary references, mystification, bibliographical hoaxes—manipulated with a smiling grace from which the initiate can take warm satisfaction. Here is a graceful and cynical avoidance of those contemporary problems which to the sensitive young undergraduate are very disturbing—until he is assured by Mr. Cabell that they are ephemeral. Here are profundity and paradox which are crystal clear and require no great mental effort on the part of the reader. Here is philistinism—the arch-enemy of the rebellious college boy—subtly deprived of its defenses. Here is sexual sophistication clothed in the most coyly recondite of innuendoes. When Mr. Cabell tells him that patriotism is simply a dynamic illusion, it is far simpler to understand and more soul-satisfying to believe than the statement of the crazy economics professor who insists that patriotism is a mechanism invented for the purpose of mobilizing mass pressures.

It is no derogation of Mr. Cabell to point out that he is the undergraduate's literary idol; it merely indicates the particular mental and emotional temper to which his work, at this particular historical period, caters. And surely it is necessary to make clear that he appeals not only to the verdant and innocent but to a considerable body of shrewd and mature literary judges, though perhaps decreasingly of recent years. There is no question that they perceive in Mr. Cabell virtues beyond those very substantial ones which have been named, such as wit, urbanity, and internal coherence. Perhaps they are right; perhaps Mr. Cabell is our greatest living novelist and an ironist of world dimensions. It will be interesting to watch the verdict of the next two or three decades.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Amber Sunstream

By MARK VAN DOREN

This amber sunstream, with an hour to live,
Flows carelessly, and does not save itself;
Nor recognizes any entered room—
This room; nor hears the clock upon a shelf,
Declaring the lone hour; for where it goes
All space in a great silence ever flows.

No living man may know it till this hour,
When the clear sunstream, thickening to amber,
Moves like a sea, and the sunk hulls of houses
Let it come slowly through, as divers clamber,
Feeling for gold. So now into this room
Peer the large eyes, unopen to their doom.

Another hour and nothing will be here.
Even upon themselves the eyes will close.
Nor will this bulk, withdrawing, die outdoors
In night, that from another silence flows.
No living man in any western room
But sits at amber sunset round a tomb.

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

And when he saw the cloud, the little cloud,
moon-colored, melting, on a summer's day—

False beginnings will lead you to false endings;
here's nothing; the cloud is gone; moon-colored
or nacreous, pearl-shaped or shape of self,
gone now since you are gone. The cloud still there,
bearing its little ghost of rain, shifting
from north to east, silvered under the star,
distraught in sunlight, swollen, or while you sleep
divulged. Have you forgotten? alas, no.
Goes with you: on your right hand walks the heavens:
swims like a fish above your memory's eyebrow,
there, there, and again there, beyond, above,
touched with the mind's hand once, and now so lost.
Oh have him back. Oh take him with you, infant,
whose edge was on the moon, take again birds
to mark their flight diagonal across him,
let tongue or eye accept the raindrop. Space,
with all her wonders why, can you keep them here—
in this small smoky hut of time?

Desultory,
the changing of the wind, but to have back
even that simple evening, that simple flight,
the cloud advancing on the wall of night,
the rain advancing on the wall of wind,
the mind advancing on the world of sight,
what will you do, what wild precautions take,
with what wild love, as rock of snow, remember,
marry what leaf with ice, what death with daybreak,
or how unhinge your heart—

Desultory
the image in the mind, desultory
the moon behind the cloud's edge, the rain
streaked in the west against the whorl of light
and every tree and leaf so clear, so near—

Desultory
even the simple faith that keeps you there:
the heart that breaks before the passage of space;
memory that breaks before the gift of time.
Let the cloud go, let the world go, let the poor heart
pause when it will, lie down and sleep.

Books

The Twilight of Capitalist Democracy

Democracy in Crisis. By Harold J. Laski. The University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

MR. LASKI'S analysis of the world's present political dilemma is in many respects the most persuasive and penetrating that has yet appeared. It begins by insisting on the profound contradiction between capitalism and democracy. The emphasis of the first, it points out, is on the power of the few, while the emphasis of the second is on the power of the many. This essential contrast between the widespread distribution of political and the narrow concentration of economic power can result only in an inherent instability. Those who enjoy a formal equality in the political sphere become more and more painfully aware of the appalling inequalities in the economic sphere. They use their political power to gain concessions from the holders of economic power, but the more concessions they gain, the more impatient they become with the inequalities still remaining; and they finally come to resent the very fact that a class exists with the power to grant concessions.

The masses come to recognize, also, that a political power ostensibly resting on the force of numbers is in fact hedged about on all sides by economic privilege. This thesis has been stated frequently enough by other writers, but it is Mr. Laski's merit that he has not rested his case on sweeping dogmas, but has undertaken to show precisely and in detail just how this restriction occurs. "Liberty," for example, means liberty within the law, and the purpose of the law is largely the protection of the status quo. The decisions of the courts, especially of the American courts, are guided by the "inarticulate major premise" of the sacredness of private property. The press nearly everywhere is mainly in the hands of wealthy men. The educational system, partly because its chief benefits go to the children of the wealthy, partly through its direct indoctrination, is another instrument controlled by the holders of economic power. Army and navy officers in England are closely associated with the upper classes, and in America they are part of our most conservative circles. The bureaucracy is a further force for the preservation of the status quo, and in England there are the powerful conservative institutions of the House of Lords and the crown.

It is in the perspective of these institutions that parliamentary democracy must be viewed. It has been successful, Mr. Laski tells us, in the difficult task of enabling the outworks of the capitalist system to be surrendered to its opponents, but it has at no point solved the central problem of the inner citadel's surrender. It has discovered ways and means of graceful compromise, wherever compromise has been possible, but it has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not proved that it forms the natural road to a new equilibrium when the differences between men are ultimate. "We have to acknowledge the grim fact that, at the parting of the ways, men in the possession of actual sovereignty choose to fight rather than to abdicate. . . . The power to compromise while compromise is still possible is perhaps the rarest quality in history."

Mr. Laski moves, then, toward the conclusion that if the masses wish to abolish the profit system and substitute a genuine socialism, they will probably have to do it, soon or late, by force. But while he predicts the probable use of force, he does not advocate it. "Revolution, like war, is infinite tragedy, since, in its very nature, it means pain and suffering and the tragic confusion of means with ends." He rejects the Communist theory that conflict is so certain that discussion of its possible evasion is a mere waste of time; and he goes so far as to remark that "a socialism which pays reasonable tribute to the established expectations of vested interest is far more likely to succeed than a socialism which insists upon their forthright destruction." None the less, his own hope of a peaceful revolution is obviously a faint one; he doubts whether the privileged classes can make a sufficiently rapid psychological readjustment to new motives and new values; and he reminds us that historically "no new social order has so far come into being without a violent birth."

Whether or not one accepts Mr. Laski's reasoning, one can hardly fail to be impressed by it. For the most part he takes the inherent viciousness of the profit system, and the desirability and practicability of socialism, almost as accepted starting-points rather than as things to be proved. But even if one should reject his premises one might still accept—indeed, it is hard to see how one could avoid accepting—the broad lines of his analysis of the present direction of capitalist democracy and of the forces making for conflict. One is inclined to differ chiefly with him in his estimate of probabilities. Where the British have been able peacefully to seize up to 80 per cent of inherited estates, and where the American government, quite as peacefully, has been able to confiscate up to two-thirds of private incomes, it does not seem naive to hope that a good part of the remaining fifth of estates and the remaining third of incomes might, if necessary, also be taken without violent resistance.

Mr. Laski's analysis is set forth with an admirable absence of passion. The arguments of opponents are stated with a fulness and fairness that recall John Stuart Mill. And though there are here and there lapses into grammatical carelessness, Mr. Laski's prose is distinguished by a brilliance of epigram and antithesis that sometimes reminds one of another great Victorian, Macaulay. If this is accompanied, also, by a slight touch of Macaulay's orotundity, it is a small offset against the intellectual delight one derives from following Mr. Laski's argument.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Fourth Generation

Henry Adams. By James Truslow Adams. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

IT seemed an amusing thing, some three years ago, to set forth in one volume the achievements of the great Adams family through four generations. And this was done by the historian, James Truslow Adams, in his notable book "The Adams Family." The first three Adamses make fascinating reading, being part and parcel of the national saga. And the Adamses of the fourth generation make a sufficiently creditable showing, though so much of the record concerns the mere writing of books. But here the author really seems to lose interest, and lets "The Adams Family" rather trail off at the end. Yet it so happens that one of the fourth generation is taking his place more and more securely as a classic in American letters, and there is demand for a book specially devoted to him. It is natural that the historian of "The Adams Family" should be looked to for this, especially after the great popular success of his "Epic of America." Accordingly he has come forward with his "Henry Adams." It has cost him little trouble, for he has had simply to transfer bodily to the new book what he had written of Henry Adams, with such alterations of phrasing and emphasis as seem called for by separate publication and a new publisher's contract.

The discerning reader of Henry Adams will crave a somewhat less perfunctory notice of him than was given in "The Adams Family." And he soon realizes that the author of "The Epic of America," for all his special knowledge, is not the ideal person to present the author of "The Education" and "Mont-Saint-Michel." He is too busy a man, for one thing, as is evidenced by the often slipshod way his sentences are pieced together in this rephrasing of his memoir. One feels that the job was approached in a rather casual spirit, as merely incidental to more serious studies. And this suggests that the author has never really taken the measure of his subject. He has taken Henry Adams too literally at his own modest valuation of himself. Adams liked to play with the notion that Thought should be regarded "as a more or less degraded Act—an enfeebled function of the Will." He is somewhat to blame himself if we consider him as having ushered in a decadent "phase" in American life in which thought has become an autonomous and unruly power and a philosophy of history announces the end of history. It is an interesting line of speculation, but if we push it too far we shall be preferring Goethe the minister of state to Goethe the philosopher, scientist, and poet, and reluctantly excusing Henry Adams for not making himself President of the United States, or at least—like his brother Charles—of the Union Pacific Railway.

His biographer intimates that Adams went in for writing because it was the only way he could realize his will to power. It seems much more likely that his natural bent was for intellectual speculation, but that he was long confused and turned from his true path by the pressure of opinion suggesting that it was his duty to be a man of action. He spent his middle years on a monumental history of the United States during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. This is excellent reading, and is ranked by historians as a work of eminent authority. But it was done in a corner of his mind. Not till he was sixty did he sight a subject capable of occupying the whole of his intellectual and imaginative faculties. His first masterpiece was "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres." This interpretation of the medieval mind in terms of its architecture is a product of learning and literary skill comparable to Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," and altogether throwing Ruskin in the shade by its philosophical breadth and subtlety. Adams's effort to project a philosophy of history was continued in "The Education of Henry Adams," and in certain essays published by his brother Brooks under the curiously misleading title, "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma" (more properly "The Tendency of History"). To this all-important period his biographer allows but one chapter out of nine; and how, from the youthful seeker after power and social estimation, Henry Adams grew into the most challenging of American thinkers of his day, is left even more of a mystery in the present sketch than it was in "The Adams Family," where at least there was some intimation of the influence of his brother Brooks. But this period and this development are the heart of the problem; it is here that we most crave illumination from any interpreter of Henry Adams.

Henry Adams was a man of letters and speculative thinker suggesting comparison with his contemporaries, Samuel Butler and Havelock Ellis, and having his affinities with Comte and Schopenhauer, Marx and Spengler. He was starved and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thwarted by the philistinism of a booming America, and correspondingly ridden with the nostalgia of Europe and the Far East. To do him justice we need a biographer sensitive to the graces of writing and the seductions of abstract thought. To make him intelligible we need some one like, say, Van Wyck Brooks or Lewis Mumford, who appreciates the conditions under which the spiritual energies of a people are brought to flower.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Cummings's Non-land of Un-

Eimi. By E. E. Cummings. Covici-Friede. $3.

MR. CUMMINGS has written a very big book. It is almost as big a book as "Ulysses," but the comparison—which is suggested by a reference to "Comrade" Joyce—must not be carried any further. "Eimi" may be superficially described as the diary of an American poet's thirty-six-day sojourn in that "uncircus of noncreatures, calling itself 'Russia.'" In addition to its complete lack of statistics it is distinguishable from other works about the same country by its author's fairly candid admission of unfair-mindedness from the moment he crosses the border. Mr. Cummings is no capitalist, to be sure, but he is a poet, and it is as a poet that he announces his prejudice against the Soviet Republic. As a poet he is opposed to all dogma but his own, "Dogma—the destroyer of happens, the killer of occurs, the ugliness of premeditately." For him Russia is not a country but a ghost land of non-men, skeletons, theories made visible but not quite substantial. The Russian Revolution resembles "a running-amok streetsprinkler, a normally benevolent mechanism which attains—thanks (possibly) to some defect in its construction or (possibly) to the ignorance or (probably) playfulness of its operator—distinct if spurious loss of unimportance." And the spectacle has value for him only because it prompts a violent reassertion of the creed perhaps best summed up in the single word of the title—*eimi,* Greek first person singular active indicative of the verb "to be." For nothing in this "kingdomless of specters" can imitate the "indescribably everything and suddenly which is ourselves, which self is and whatever only creatively annihilates hatred with laughing."

But better than in any of these eloquent affirmations Mr. Cummings's fierce individualism is to be seen reflected in the style and manner of his book. The style is of course the same highly personal, ultra-mannered style that we have been made familiar with in Mr. Cummings's poetry. There hardly seems any need, therefore, to review or defend its peculiarities at this late date. Here again the general intention is to communicate concrete sensations and perceptions in all the immediacy with which they are experienced. Because conventional syntax is historical, that is, based on an arrangement of thoughts, feelings, and sensations *already* completed, Mr. Cummings annihilates conventional syntax and with it conventional punctuation as well. The instantaneous alone is his concern; "suddenly," for example, is among his favorite words. Typography also is made to perform a dynamic function by approximating visually the actual thought, object, sensation being rendered, To facilitate directness the imagery is either telescoped ("sunlitness high-ceilinged") or simultaneous ("breathing Spring twi (after rain) light"). And of course Mr. Cummings takes his customary liberties with word forms, manifesting a special fondness for the prefix "un-." The placing of this little prefix before any noun deprives the thing for which it stands of its very essence. Thus in these pages we move in an unworld of unmen lying in unsleep on an unbed of preternatural nullity. In general, these prodigies of language and syntax do succeed in creating the effect intended; certain pages throughout are as good as all but the best of Mr. Cummings's poems. The only question is how well adapted these devices are to a work of this purpose and these dimensions. We cannot raise the usual objections to the use of a lyrical style in a narrative form. Mr. Cummings would certainly protest that what he was writing was not a narrative but a "book." The objection, then, is simply that the reader's powers of instantaneous response become exhausted before he gets through very many of the 432 pages of this particular "book." There is no progression of action to beguile him on his way. There is no design or pattern to give unity (*cf.* "Comrade" Joyce) to this jumble of crisply developed *instantanés.* Mr. Cummings might just as well have dashed off a dozen or two lyrics in that Metropole Hotel room and brought them together, properly spaced, in a volume. Not a book, the reader feels, but an unbook.

Yet "Eimi" has passages and individual lines ("I have eaten, however, of sunset") that admirers of Mr. Cummings's delicate if still not yet fully realized talent will return to.

WILLIAM TROY

The Tolstoy Menage

The Tragedy of Tolstoy. By Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Yale University Press. $3.

TOLSTOY'S daughters, wrote Chekhov in a letter of 1895, "are very nice, they adore their father and have a fanatical faith in him, and that means that Tolstoy is really a great moral force, for if he were insincere and not irreproachable, his daughters would be the first to take up a skeptical attitude to him. For daughters are like sparrows: you don't catch them with empty chaff." Alexandra (Sasha), a little girl at this time, grew up to be like her two older sisters in their attitude to their father. She takes up the story at about the point where her mother's published diaries in the English translation leave off—1897. She was then thirteen. Before that are childhood memories: of the country house and the house in Moscow; games with her father; hearty jokes played by the father and the younger children on the mother, who shook with laughter; walks with her father in the woods; nutting; horses and dogs; and touching details about the youngest boy, Vanichka, whose death was a crushing blow to the Countess. So fond was Sasha herself of the little brother that she accepted as natural her mother's hysterical cry, "Why Vanichka? Why not Sasha?" An excusable cry then, possibly; but years later her mother repeated it: "You are my cross. Yes, Vanichka died, and you remained, to my sorrow." And Sasha speaks once of her bitter awareness that she did not love her mother. Her close relationship with her father began when she was fifteen, but close as it was, it was never so complete as was her sister Masha's. It was Masha who worked in the fields with the peasants, and whose room, with hard chairs and bed without mattress, was stern and severe and sometimes "smelled of medicine"; whereas Tanya, though she shared her father's views, had not the knack of "simplifying." Masha finally married and went away and died, and Tanya, too, became absorbed in her husband and his family, though she came back at need to help Sasha in the recurrent crises of the last years. Sasha did not leave her father; she shared the secret of his flight, nursed him to the end, and kept the priests and her mother from his deathbed. Not that she had no suitors; but her father's jealousy disguised as a hatred of the "vileness" of passion, combined with his tenderness for her, was effective in turning her devotion completely to him.

About the time that Bernard Shaw's Superman was calling the struggle between the artist-man and the mother-woman the most remorseless of all the contests through which the life-force fulfils its purpose, the Tolstoys were giving a dramatic demonstration of the truth of the dictum. On the conscious plane,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the interminable disputes were about Tolstoy's diaries, the property rights in his works, his will, the malign influence of Chertkov upon him. The Countess was obsessed with the diaries; must know what was in them, to defend herself before posterity; must steal them if necessary. She kept her own diary—and not scrupulously if we may believe what Masha told Alexandra: that their mother was writing a postdated diary, using their father's and interpreting events and moods noted therein so as to make her husband seem a repulsive egoist and herself a martyr. "I shall take poison if he does not will the diaries to me!" And so in spite of the advice of the psychiatrists that the two should be separated, they continued in torment until the suitable and tragic close. After her husband's death she became, according to Sasha, a mild and gentle woman, who used to say, "Really I think I was insane." And Yasnaya Polyana, the scene of these agonies, became under the revolution a hospital, a home, and a museum, with Sasha as director. The curtain falls —as in "The Cherry Orchard"—on the devoted servant of Tolstoy's last years, an old man of eighty, who still every day winds the big clock on the staircase and turns over a page of the calendar, "Thoughts of Wise People," which Tolstoy used to read every morning. "And in the spring he takes out father's winter clothes—coat, sweaters, overcoat, woolen socks, and scarfs—shakes them out, cleans them, and puts them back in the chest with fresh camphor and tobacco."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

The Americanization of Karl Marx

Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx. By Sidney Hook. The John Day Company. $2.50.

"THE world today stands in the shadow of the doctrines of a man dead barely fifty years," Dr. Hook begins. This is no less true of America than of Kamchatka. For various good Marxian reasons Marxism, as mere theory, never flourished here. But Marxian social forces were, of course, at work. Read Turner and Parrington. Study the revolutions of 1776 and 1861. Today, however, we can no longer ignore Marxism as theory, except at the risk of ignorance. The best students, both in the faculties and in the graduate schools of our universities, are increasingly contemptuous of "sociology," philanthropic "social science," a strictly "quantitative" economics designed to sabotage social interpretation. Dr. Hook's little book on Marx and Marxism is good as such. But it is even more significant as an index of the intellectual awakening in our higher social learning.

The study has about it the air of a mere manual. But in fact the author has a thesis. This is unavoidable. Marxism is a dynamic doctrine, forever subject to the corrections of time and place. And a scholar of Dr. Hook's erudition and suggestiveness cannot stay within the bounds of a mere primer. Fortunately for those who wish an outline in Marxism, the author imbeds his thesis within a sound systematic exposition of Marxism itself.

With admirable mastery Dr. Hook traces the genesis in Marx's own development of the Marxian theory of culture and philosophy of history. This theory is the inversion of the Hegelian system of philosophical idealism, whose latest flower is *der schöne Adolf,* into dialectical materialism, of which the clearest but very specific cultural expression is the Russian Revolution. With a learning whose faultlessness indicates its vastness, Dr. Hook clarifies the nature of the Marxian dialectic by checking it against its own various schools. "Marx made a man of me," Bernard Shaw once reassured himself. The idea that Marx could make a man out of a Fabian is shown in all its absurdity by the author. Besides the revisionists, he also shows up the "orthodox" rigidity of the Kautskys, whose socialism broke under the stress of war and revolution. To Dr. Hook it is Lenin who is the greatest Marxian revolutionary, not merely tactically but also dialectically.

Unfortunately Dr. Hook has a gentle obsession about Marxism which he never fails to elaborate. The obsession is that Marx was a revolutionary pragmatist, in the technical sense of the term. Curiously, for an opponent of Marxian revisionism, Dr. Hook invariably drags through all his Marxian thought the Deweyan dispensation, of which he is the left disciple. And we are treated to the astonishing spectacle of a very sophisticated thinker assigning to Marx a left liberal attitude while praising him as the greatest of all revolutionaries. This miracle is accomplished by attributing to Marx the theory of knowledge as well as the social psychology of pragmatism. "Ideas . . . cannot be passive images; they must be active *instruments,*" writes Dr. Hook (italics mine). Throughout his discussion of the Marxian theory of knowledge he endows it with an "experimental" attitude, a functional intention, with the view that history is a vast trial-and-error laboratory. By using all these characteristically pragmatic terms in all their technical implications, Dr. Hook persuades himself that Marx was a sort of left-wing, revolutionary Dewey. The truth is that both the Marxian epistemology and its psychology are the exact opposite. Marx believed in "instrumentalism" in the sense that he believed in the critical contribution of social experience. But he believed in selective experience. Marx's conception of history is definitive and closed. Lenin, indeed, remarked that Marxists are allowed to make only "slight" mistakes. Marxian "instrumentalism" has none of the worship of empiricism of the pragmatists. It is calculated to advance revolutionary tactics *within* a strictly a priori social logic. It learns from means only when they are conceived to serve its ends, while pragmatism is the idolatry of endless means. Pragmatism, indeed, is the most sophisticated expression of the planlessness of modern capitalism.

The middle part of Dr. Hook's book deals with the Marxian economics. As far as I know and understand the Marxian social economy, it seems to me that Dr. Hook presents it very competently, though he obviously is not as intimately at home in economics as he is in philosophy. Possibly it is for this reason that he fails to bring out the simple but neglected fact that the capitalist economists have never really disproved *any* of the Marxian economic values, including the theory of surplus value. Certain corrections have been made in them, but they have been made exactly in the sense in which they have been made in the theory of Darwinian evolution. "Time is the room of human development," said Marx. We have changed the furniture in our social household but no more. Should Professor Wesley Mitchell, our most modern and influential economist, apply his proudly "objective" technique to social phenomena of significance, every one of the Marxian economic categories would implicitly come out. All Dr. Mitchell has to do, for instance, is to follow statistically, as one easily might, the social consequences of the distribution of income in the United States between 1924 and 1929. Such a chart would be both exceedingly "scientific" and up-to-date Marxism.

Toward the end Dr. Hook takes up the Marxian theory of the state and revolution. He sets forth very clearly the various steps which the Marxian dialectic takes to reach the "dictatorship of the proletariat," and how it finally emerges into an anarchist, a stateless because it is a "classless," order. This is, theoretically, the most imaginative part of Socialist doctrine, the easiest to grasp, but to me rather too prophetic. And for a pragmatist Dr. Hook seems to me somewhat illogically devout in his Communist eschatology. Somehow I cannot get it through my head that even a "classless" society will fail to grow its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own inner contradictions. But I must repeat, Dr. Hook's study seems to me by all odds the most significant contribution to Marxism which has as yet appeared in America. And, also, it is thrilling to behold such intellectual courage in a university teacher.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

The World and the Egotist

Eva Gay. By Evelyn Scott. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

LET us clear the decks for action by saying that Miss Scott has always been and still is a highly serious and a far more than commonly powerful novelist; and her novels are important works of art worth any critic's careful and judicious attention.

Having made these generalizations, no less true of "Eva Gay" than of "The Wave" or "A Calendar of Sin," it may be said that each of these books makes, at times, hard reading. "Eva Gay" Miss Scott calls a "romantic novel." But in a sense it is not romantic unless the eternal quest of the egotist—that is to say, the artist—for truth is romance. "Eva Gay" is the story of two men and a woman, each one of them entirely at odds with the world—a different world in each case—in which he was reared, each one, when at last they meet, unable to maintain his ego intact without desperately hurting both of the others. This many-against-the-one theme is perhaps romance. Certainly the worlds of the mind in which Eva and Hans and Evan really live bear no relation to the world in which their bodies live. Painfully aware of their own processes, they are less able to grasp the processes of others even when these are simplest. And their mistakes, which would seem fairly obvious to a person of ordinary intelligence, disastrous as they turn out to be, often make painful reading.

Eva is a Southern girl, brought up the only child in a perfectly conventional and witless household. Her mother is doting; her father is bitterly tired of his marriage but unwilling to leave it. Eva, although as a child she had perhaps no more than a usual amount of childish passion for justice, is from girlhood an odd fellow, a queer fish, a young girl who, instead of occupying herself with courtship and marriage in a normal way, thinks about the wrongs of the world and longs to do something to right them. When the war comes, against her parents' wishes she joins one of the relief units and goes to Paris. There she meets Hans. Hans is the son of a doctor in the Middle West, the unloved child of his mother, feeling from earliest childhood that nobody either wants or understands him. He worships a younger sister who dies; he marries a woman ten years his senior whose narrow-minded religiosity should probably have been plainer to him; ten more years before the breakup of his marriage he spends studying tropical diseases, for he is a doctor of parts. Then, safely divorced, he marries a woman whose stupid vulgarity Mrs. Scott makes so clear to the reader that one wonders why a person of Hans's intelligence should not have suspected it. And while in the toils of this second misalliance he meets Eva. Evan is a New Zealander who, after a thoroughly irresponsible and reckless childhood, comes to England because of a passion—and some talent—for painting. When Hans, refused a divorce and sacrificing his career to live with Eva in the first true and simple love of his life, picks him up in the little town where they are living, Evan is grieving for the loss of his wife and child, and suffering from a serious war wound. How these three strays, washed up on an unfriendly shore, torture each other one must leave Miss Scott to tell.

They are all egotists. Miss Scott would have us believe that they are all in a way artists. Evan is the most convincing artist; and the most heartily unpleasant person. Eva remains a hysterical, dissatisfied child to the end, and one is a little skeptical of the play she writes, which is said to be powerful. Hans alone, after his first desperate decisions and indecisions, learns anything from the cruelties that life brings him. He becomes a man, although in doing so he forfeits the right to the consolation which he desperately needs, and which Evan, still a child, demands and gets and throws away.

They are, on the whole, an uncomfortable trio. And they raise again very concretely the question of how far the world should suffer the dissenter. In the bitter struggle which the odd one wages against the evens, neither gives any quarter. It is perhaps just, therefore, that only when the odd one is successful in his revolt, should the final gesture of immolation be withheld and he be gallantly spared. When the artist can display a pure and undeviating passion for his art he wins respect for it and for himself. When he is not sure what that art may be, when he is never certain of the particular truth that he longs to die for, then his destruction is not tragedy but comedy. It is only just to say that Miss Scott is quite aware of the shortcomings of her characters. But one wonders if she is equally aware that the sufferings of a second-rate man are not tragedy. Probably, because she exhibits everywhere high intelligence, she is. And the reader himself must find the clue and make it serve as the measure for his feeling about the novel. At all events, it is a novel that many persons should read, not lightly but soberly, and it will reward them.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Jews Without Judaism

This People. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

EACH of the five stories in this volume deals with Jews who have tried to escape from their racial heritage. In The Saint an elderly rationalist and liberal finds no satisfaction in life, whereas his son, who returns to his people, discovers happiness and peace. Bolshevik portrays Jan Zorn, a Communist whose passion for destruction, based on his hatred for his Jewish upbringing, ceases only when he is destroyed. The marriage described in A Writ of Divorcement fails because the wife commits the double sin of "repudiating Israel and refusing motherhood," which is really one and the same sin. Baron Tamaczvar in The Romantic finds that his attempt to identify himself with the people of Carpathia leads to his death, but in death he attains peace because he reasserts his loyalty to his race. By the Waters of Babylon is the familiar story of Esther, told from the point of view of Mordecai, another Jew who abandons the effort to escape from his people.

All these stories, in other words, illustrate Lewisohn's frequently reiterated thesis that Jews, when they give up their racial heritage, surrender themselves to disintegration. It is easy to dismiss the stories as propaganda, and some reviewers have done so. But this is unjust: there is no argumentation in these books; they are what Lewisohn has rightly said art should be, "life projected and interpreted by a significant personality." It happens that Lewisohn's assumptions are not shared by many people, and therefore we are more acutely conscious of them than we are of the assumptions of other writers. But if there were space, it could be shown that, according to his theories, the characters and incidents he portrays are representative, the interpretations he offers sound, and the forms he employs appropriate. Our judgment depends on whether we agree with him or not: if we do, the stories seem an accurate and impressive reflection of life; if we do not, we are aware of distortions, omissions, and misconceptions.

So regarded, "This People" becomes an interesting docu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, to be offered in support of the thesis that the most important thing about any writer is his attitude toward life. I have not space enough here to discuss Mr. Lewisohn's philosophy, and in any case it has been dealt with elsewhere. But I think it is worth pointing out that the only way to deal with the man and his book is to deal with his fundamental assumptions about life. To dispose of him as a propagandist is dishonest; to make any sharp distinction between his attitudes and his technique is impossible. But if one can successfully expose the fallacies in his philosophy, it will not be difficult to show the weaknesses of these stories.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Technique of Listening

Mencius on the Mind: Experiments in Multiple Definition. By I. A. Richards. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MR. I. A. RICHARDS, the author of "Principles of Literary Criticism," and coauthor, with Mr. C. K. Ogden, of "The Meaning of Meaning," here undertakes what he calls "Experiments in Multiple Definition." For this purpose he selects an ancient Chinese treatise on psychology, a work arising out of a social context greatly different from our own, yet probably as influential in Chinese thinking as Plato has been to the thought of the Occident. But instead of proceeding by the customary rough-and-ready method of translators, seeking the words in one language which seem to afford the most "natural" parallel to the words of the other, he has made the process-of-translating itself the subject of his book. The practical translator exerts himself particularly to "suppress" the divergencies between the two mediums of expression—but it is precisely these divergencies which Mr. Richards here asks his readers to dwell upon. Accordingly, we do not have merely a finished product, an Englished Mencius. Instead, he makes use of the bad "matching" between the two languages to point his observations on the subject of "meaning." The author thereby brings forward a cluster of scruples and questions which serve to suggest that "we are, as regards our systematic sorting and dividing in the field of meanings, much as primitive man was before the early mathematicians or systematic measurers came to help him divide his grain lands."

The results of this shifted approach—whereby we get, not a translation-made, but a translation-being-made, a distinction which should gratify the André Gides and the Gertrude Steins—are remarkably fertile. Besides covering the schematizations of "The Meaning of Meaning" *à l'inverse*—by proceeding this time from specific issues to their relevant generalizations—he pauses here and there to open up psychological vistas. He even affords us ground for believing that a conception of how the mind works may actually make the mind work that way, that an investigator, by introspection, merely finds mental processes which are already implicit in the terms of his vocabulary—an aspect of "creative ideology" which our Marxians might find suggestive for the development of Marx beyond Marx. He indicates reasons for believing that certain places where Mencius makes important omissions or unjustified leaps—as judged by our Western ways of logic—are not to be explained merely as "weaknesses," but as integral to a different approach—a point which Professor Dewey has emphasized in the study of savage tribes, whose mental processes are often described by the Occidental investigator in terms of Occidental "lapses" instead of as positive accessories of their particular aims and interests.

Most valuable of all the material in this book, I think, are Mr. Richards's reflections on "the survival in philosophic practice of the combative habit of mind." Taking a typical paragraph written in the vocabulary of "Oxford idealism," he first shows how the "Cambridge-trained realist" could pick it apart with promptitude and glee. Thereupon, he proceeds to "translate" this paragraph into "Cambridge"—and the actual burden of the paragraph is found to be wholly acceptable to the Cambridge point of view. He says:

> The first effect of a general practice of multiple definition would be a strange peace in philosophy. A philosopher engaged in refuting another—not of his own party—would become a laughable spectacle. Actually at the moment he is a more sinister figure. Nationalism in thought! The defense of the West! Of historic China! Poor little wretches that we are. For with the increasing pressure of world contacts we do pitiably need to understand on a scale we have never envisaged before. Warfare in the intellectual world as in the physical is a wasteful survival.

If criticism were discussion, intellectual cooperation in a search for understanding, based upon the morality of *listening* instead of the morality of *combat,* how different our scene might become! When recalling the valiant "litry" hosts that have gone forth to give battle in the last year or two, who have slain one another's Phoenix selves with broad, wholesome *reductiones ad absurdum* and *argumenta ad hominem,* and have surely felt very proud of themselves each night as they switched off the light and tumbled into bed after a bold day's work, when recalling all these Jungle boys slaying tigers with their own typewriters and with the emotional dispositions of their readers, one knows that it will be some time before this book by Mr. Richards can really be accepted, deep within us. Yet I do not hesitate to say that a man who sets himself up today as a literary critic, and has not exposed himself to the hesitancies and insights brought to the subject of literary communication in the works of Mr. Richards and his colleague Mr. Ogden, is simply in the position of a quack in medicine or a shyster at law.

KENNETH BURKE

Saint Villa

Viva Villa! By Edgcumb Pinchon. Assisted in research by O. B. Stade. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.25.

THIS is a fascinating piece of myth-making. Mr. Pinchon carries his super-bandit general, Pancho Villa, alias Doroteo Arango, from under the lash of servitude, through brigandage and revolution, to the peak of fame at the head of Mexico's most powerful army, then to his debacle before the barbed-wire barricades of Alvaro Obregón in Querétaro, his wild rout through the Durango cactus, his fantastic, despairing Hannibal trek across the snow-choked Sierra Madre passes, and finally to his vulgar assassination in Parral. The epic of this archangel sword-wielder sweeps from the close of the Díaz dictatorship through the most violent era of Mexico since the empire and post-empire days, down almost to the end of Obregón's administration when the country was entering upon pacification.

Edgcumb Pinchon's name was echoed in my ears for two decades as the coauthor with Gutiérrez de Lara of one of the first books published in this country, "The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom," to reveal the hidden evils of Díaz's dictatorship, at the time so staunchly supported by Taft and Root. His book on Zapata escaped my attention, but the present volume reveals long and loving acquaintance with the intimacies of the Mexican scene.

Undoubtedly the popular forces swirling in the Villista and Zapatista movements, especially the latter, represented the most vital, elemental agrarian tendencies of the Mexican Revolution, and "Viva Villa!" brings this out better than any other book I know. But it does not reveal that those movements were far

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mabel Dodge Luhan's
INTIMATE MEMORIES

"A passionately honest record of a girlhood which encompassed the tedium of the Brown Decades. . . . A guarded society's *mores* come to life with a vitality and sensuous ous understanding I have rarely encountered in American history."—*William Soskin, N. Y. Post.* "A book that certainly establishes her place as an artist."—*Herbert Gorman, N. Y. Times.* $3.00

VIVA VILLA!
by EDGCUMB PINCHON

"One of the most direct and well organized biographies on the modern bookshelf. It makes exciting reading not only for its drama but for its vivid writing."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $3.25

E. W. SCRIPPS
by NEGLEY D. COCHRAN

The definitive biography of the great journalist. "More than a biography; it is a manual for the next generation of newspaper makers."—*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World Telegram.* $3.00

I HAVE BEEN YOUNG
by ELIZABETH LOMOND

A well-known author, writing under a pseudonym, tells the stark unashamed story of the first 27 years of her life. "A moving record . . . and a doctrine intended only for the strong."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

SHERMAN: FIGHTING PROPHET
by LLOYD LEWIS

A richly wrought biography of General Sherman that is also an epic of American life and background. "One of the warmest and most human biographies in years."—*Chicago News.* $3.50

MEN AGAINST DEATH
by PAUL DE KRUIF

"The stories of 14 doctors who have, more or less accidentally, pushed outward the frontiers of life. Stirring tales these; heart-lifting adventures of soldiers in a greater cause than war."—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

THE LAST ADAM
by JAMES GOULD COZZENS

An American novel by an important young writer, praised to the skies by critics, and a Book-of-the-Month Club choice. $2.50

JENNY WREN
by E. H. YOUNG

By the author of *William* and *Miss Mole*. E. H. Young's ever-widening audience is delighted with her new novel of a girl who masqueraded for the sake of a romance. "A rarely comfortable, satisfying book."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* $2.50

POCAHONTAS
by DAVID GARNETT

The most ambitious novel to date by the author of *Lady Into Fox*. "A book which grows more, not less, important after its covers have been closed. It stays in the mind."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

Horace Gregory's
NO RETREAT

Coming after his *Chelsea Rooming House*, Mr. Gregory's new book represents a union of his early Wisconsin background with the modern city. A "return" but not a "retreat," it marks a distinct advance of his poetic powers. "There is brilliant phrasing, atmosphere, aroma . . . that indescribable thing called poetry. Such work bespeaks authentic individuality . . . he stands a bit alone as a talented poet."—*Herbert Gorman, N. Y. Times.* $1.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue New York

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater than their leadership. The value of Pinchon's book lies in its by-product information about Mexico—brilliant close-ups of daily life, of peonage, of revolutionary armies—rather than in its historical validity or even in an accurate portrayal of Villa. The author has simplified that bloody, naive, cruel, compassionate, egotistic, generous, and volatile savage into a wondering child-saint. Actually Villa was one of the most complicated upsurges of force, murder, good, and evil, of all time; but for Pinchon his vanities and brutalities do not exist; his power-lust is reduced to love for the peón; his duplicities are battles for righteousness. Pinchon follows the uncritical herd dictates which make bandits holy, whitewash heroes, create legendary idealists out of courageous Attilas. To have clarified Villa's psychological complexities might have impeded swift narrative, but it would have solved many Mexican puzzles.

In his acknowledgments Pinchon characterizes George Creel's mediocre book, "The People Next Door," as "masterly"—this gives the clue, perhaps, to his own special pleading and Pulitzer vividness. The Villa hero-myth has been fostered by the exuberantly sentimental John Reed, by Villa's adviser, Martín Luis Guzmán, by official propaganda in this country when Wilson leaned to his side, by popular *corridos* and gossip. But Guzmán, despite his hatred of Obregón and Carranza, admires Villa in such Boswellian fashion that even satanic evils assume Godhead attributes; he has an unconscious objectivity and truthfulness which Pinchon could well have emulated. Part of Pinchon's bias springs also from too great reliance on Mayortena, a bitter political enemy of Obregón, the "hacendado's henchman" as Pinchon rather ridiculously calls him. Pinchon has also neglected Munoz's vivid "There Goes Pancho Villa" and his other writings on the northern campaigns—certainly no more fictional than the present volume.

For Pinchon, Villa, the good and holy, is set off against Carranza, the damned Lucifer, and Obregón, the cursed Beelzebub. Villa, the reckless leader of a horde, becomes a military genius; Obregón, probably the one outstanding strategist and tactician, is a cautious nincompoop, a chick-pea merchant. Pinchon suppresses the solemn pact and revolutionary program by which Villa accepted Carranza as the supreme chief of the revolution; he conceals Villa's utter lack of discipline; his rampant disregard for any coordination of campaign plans; his attempted usurpations of powers not his own; and thus distorts the whole historical picture. Carranza kept the pact better than Villa; the latter was responsible for the disruption and prolonged civil war which prevented constructive realization and intrenched rapacious militarism. Villa, perhaps with justice, is whitewashed of actual participation in the Santa Isabel massacre and the Columbus raid, but indirectly he must bear great responsibility for their occurrence and for the subsequent Pershing expedition.

Without giving the source of his information, the author accuses Obregón of mowing down 2,000 war prisoners; but Villa has "revulsion against bloodshed and violence." Pinchon suppresses the numerous authenticated cases of cold-blooded, uncalled-for executions by Villa: if the latter had one outstanding characteristic—however many prior tears he shed—it was a reckless disregard of human life, which he disposed of with the whimsicality of an Oriental despot.

Though Villa had broken his pact, and Carranza and the other revolutionary leaders were justified in putting him down, their attempts are but "treachery." Pinchon sneers at Obregón's brave visit to Villa in an attempt to reach a pacific compromise and absolves Villa of his treacherous near assassination of him. When the Carranza side tries to have Villa assassinated, it shocks the author to his innermost soul; when Villa's hard-boiled minions try to seize Carranza—oh, never to commit murder!—it is highly laudable.

I sympathize greatly with the Villa movement, but it is hard to sympathize with its mistaken leadership and with Villa's sordid personal ambitions; and when Carranza sticks to the revolutionary program, despite his own convictions, Pinchon excuses Villa's sudden reactionary support of the church and the foreign exploiter as "plain good sense." Nor does he point out that Villa, on the eve of his assassination, was plotting to participate in De la Huerta's pseudo-Catholic, anti-agrarian rebellion—facts hard to reconcile with the present picture of Villa ever battling for the downtrodden peón.

Despite the thrilling interest of this book, from the historical standpoint it is a Sunday-school tract describing Noah's drunkenness as an ecstatic love of the "earth-born good" of the grape: a full absolution of God for Job's plight.

CARLETON BEALS

Our Own Montmartyrs

Garrets and Pretenders. A History of Bohemianism in America. By Albert Parry. Covici-Friede. $3.50.

THE poet George Sterling, who when he found life no longer a poem chose as his last drink one of cyanide of potassium, once said:

> There are two elements, at least, that are essential to bohemianism. The first is devotion or addiction to one or more of the Seven Arts; the other is poverty. Other factors suggest themselves: for instance, I like to think of my bohemians as young, as radical in their outlook on art and life, as unconventional, and, though this is debatable, as dwellers in a city large enough to have the somewhat cruel atmosphere of all great cities.

Though suggestive, does this definition not miss the truth that a bohemian must have an uncommercial—an amateur's—attitude toward work and life and must hold the preservation of his personality as more important than any worldly success? Granted this attitude, the possessor is an artist whether or not he practices any of the arts, and is likely to be a bohemian whether rich or poor, although it is highly probable that he will be the latter.

La Bohème is not a group of boon companions or a basement restaurant with sawdust on the floor; it is a state of mind. It is the most illusive wraith in a world of specters. The moment one thinks one has it, it begins to slip between the fingers. Bohemia is not a paradise lost; it is one which never was gained and probably never will be. It is a fourth-dimensional aspiration of the spirit. Thus a history of bohemianism is an immensely difficult feat, and a history of bohemianism in America is more so because of our national passion for organizing and institutionalizing, not to say publicizing and commercializing. As soon as bohemia becomes public, it is in danger of becoming spurious; the instant it becomes commercial, it inevitably becomes fraudulent.

Mr. Parry has rushed in where angels fear to tread, but he has emerged far more creditably than would seem possible. Necessarily his history clusters around persons and places—the shell of bohemia rather than the egg itself. Yet he has managed to inject an atmosphere and background that lend imagery to the narrative, just as his anecdote and comment give it gusto.

Poe was America's first great bohemian figure, says Mr. Parry, but he was a bohemian without a bohemia. The first known bohemia of consequence emerged in New York in the eighteen fifties in the cellar of Charles Pfaff on Broadway near Bleecker Street. "C. Pfaff and die," somebody scribbled on a wall. Pfaff's bohemia, where Whitman was a frequent visitor, had a queen who wore her hair à la boyish bob of recent fashion and signed hotel registers "Miss Ada Clare and son." Henry Clapp, presiding genius of Pfaff's, wrote in his *Saturday Press* of a certain newly founded weekly: "As there appear to be no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lady contributors to *The Nation,* it has been suggested for this and other reasons that its name be changed to the Stag-Nation."

Then there were the German and Jewish bohemias which Huneker haunted, and in the Mauve Decade the grotesque phenomenon of a bohemia which became respectable, even fashionable. Of course it was counterfeit, sicklied o'er by the pale cast of Du Maurier's Victorian morality. The Mercantile Library bought a hundred copies of "Trilby," but "American girls wanted to be Trilbies without undressing; they wanted to be bohemians and yet remain virgins."

New York's bohemias are not the only ones described. Mr. Parry follows his will-o'-the-wisp to Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, and Austin, where O. Henry edited the *Rolling Stone.* He invades the holy places of Santa Fé (doubtless the only town in America which ever rejected—thanks to Mary Austin—a women's-club chautauqua), Taos, San Francisco, Carmel, and even the left bank of the Seine. He peers behind the curtains of bohemia's theaters and culls the files of its magazines. Upton Sinclair once wrote testily to Margaret Anderson: "Please cease sending me the *Little Review.* I no longer understand anything in it, so it no longer interests me." She replied annihilatingly: "Please cease sending me your Socialist paper. I understand everything in it, therefore it no longer interests me."

Mr. Parry writes with modern freedom from sentimentality or moralizing. His story gains thereby in actuality, even though it may leave one (oh, just a little) wistful for Murger and his so moving fourth-dimensional bohemia of the spirit. The author is too grudging in his estimate of Greenwich Village, identifying it too closely with certain publicly known groups and places, giving too little credit to that fourth-dimensional quality already referred to. Greenwich Village has been a yeast which has helped to stir Middle Western towns and Far Western mesas from the stale, flat, soggy intellectual life of twenty years ago to new criticism and creation. Sinclair Lewis lived in the Village for a time and later wrote some aspersions upon it for a great weekly of Philistia. Yet is it too much to say that except for the intellectual quickening in which Greenwich Village was the most vitalizing single force Sinclair Lewis would have found no publisher to issue and no public to acclaim his masterly dissection of American life?

ARTHUR WARNER

Resurgent Israel

The Land of Promise. By Edmond Fleg. Translated by Louise Waterman Wise. With an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. The Macaulay Company. $2.

EDMOND FLEG lives in the island heart of Paris. His windows overlook the great apse of Notre Dame. For years, indicating that he is an early riser, he has seen "the sun reddening behind the flying buttresses." And the glory of the cathedral, no less than memories and yearnings of childhood, has thrown upon him the spell of Jesus and the church. At his doorstep, moreover, the bookstalls of the *quais* offer their miles of "pleasure and wit." Altogether, M. Fleg—dramatist, *homme de lettres,* and graduate of the Ecole Normale, the Oxford of France—is half his days a typical French intellectual.

But by luck of birth and through the recent revival of Jewish letters—in which he has taken no small part—M. Fleg is the other half of his days a conscious and perturbed Jew. Two years ago he began writing a life of Jesus, and to catch the background of his hero he set out on a journey to Palestine. The pilgrimage, much to his surprise, turned into an adventure and a drama. And of the conflict between Fleg the Frenchman and Fleg the Jew he has made this book.

Even in the Egyptian vestibule to the Holy Land, laden

MACMILLAN

Adventures *of* Ideas

by ALFRED N. WHITEHEAD

"One of the wisest of modern sages" (*N. Y. World Telegram*) traces the history of civilization through the evolution of man's mental processes. · "Intensely stimulating . . . one of the most refreshing 'Adventures' I know."—*Harry Hansen.* $3.50

The Expanding Universe

by ARTHUR EDDINGTON

"Reveals Eddington in his most daring aspect . . . here is the best popular treatment of relativity and atomic physics since Jeans."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

Atom *and* Cosmos

by HANS REICHENBACH

A summary of the whole field of modern physics, in non-technical language . . . "As one of the class it seeks to enlighten, I can say I found it clear, conscientious and successful."—*N. Y. Evening Post.* $2.00

Fighting *the* Insects

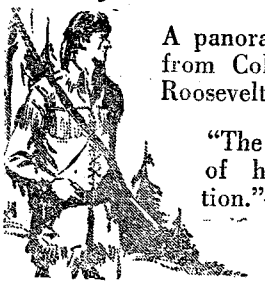
by L. O. HOWARD

The life of one of the world's most noted entomologists . . . "A storehouse of anecdotes . . . his book has much of the rich personality of the author."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

"Here is a masterpiece"—HENRY K. NORTON, N. Y. Sun

The Rise of American Civilization

By Chas. A. and Mary R. Beard



A panorama of American history from Columbus to Franklin D. Roosevelt!

"The high water mark of historic presentation."—*New Republic.*

$3.50

At all Bookstores

MACMILLAN · NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Independent World and Its Problems
RAMSAY MUIR

The world today is in the midst of one of the greatest crises of history with equal chances of emerging into peace and security or ruin and chaos. This book gives a bird's-eye view of the situation, invaluable to anyone who wishes to survey the road ahead. $1.75

The League on Trial
MAX BEER

Is Geneva the abode of statesmen or hucksters? Will it give us eternal peace or is it an armistice between battles? This nonpartisan study by a German is essential reading for everyone who wants the facts. $4.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRISON DAYS AND NIGHTS
By VICTOR F. NELSON

In Victor F. Nelson the intelligent prisoner speaks with authority about conditions in our prisons. H. L. Mencken says: "This is by far the best book on prison life by a prisoner that I have read in five or six years." Frank Tannenbaum says: "Nelson has done for the prison the rarest of all things. He has told just those truths about the prison which most writers have avoided, and which the public must know if they are ever to deal with the prison as it ought to be dealt with." $2.75

TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI
By EMIL LUDWIG

The author of "Napoleon" and "Bismarck" leads the world's most spectacular figure to disclose his innermost thoughts on government, mankind, destiny, history, and his own career. The first Italian edition was approved by Mussolini; but Mussolini held up further printings until certain changes were made. The American version is the same as the original edition.

"A brilliant achievement."—*Christopher Morley in Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.75

For sale at all booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. *Publishers*

with memories of Moses and the Pharaohs and throbbing with Zionist agitation, Jesus began to fade. At the first impact of Palestine itself, he quite vanished. M. Fleg sought him dutifully along the Via Dolorosa, and discovered nothing but the echoes of church legend drowned in the tide of a living Jerusalem. He visited the Holy Sepulcher only to find himself frozen by its marble and plagued by its guides.

Meanwhile his eyes and ears were overwhelmed by a resurgent Israel—pioneers, farmers, mechanics, merchants, engineers, and artists, mingled with resurrected Zealots, saints, and psalmists. In deft, sensitive episodes Fleg paints the panorama of the new promised land, its multiple achievements and pressing problems, the interplay and often the clash of Arab and Jew, nationalist and Communist, pietist and radical, messianic dreamers with their heads in the clouds of Safed and swamp-drainers sunk in the mud of Jezreel.

Once, among the swamp-drainers and Communist workmen, our pilgrim caught an authentic vision of the forgotten Jesus.

> He was one of them and like them. Though his brow, like theirs, was furrowed with thought, his hands, again like theirs, were hard with toil. Together with the fishermen he dragged the net to shore; by their side he lighted the fire on the rock to cook the catch. He called home the cattle from the laurel scrub. He bolted the stable door. He cranked the motor pump in the orange grove. He explained a parable to the boy scouts. He gave a lecture on the library steps.

A sly, if authentic, vision, to be best appreciated by that other Frenchman, M. Renan, who saw the earlier prophets of Israel in the garb of journalists.

The pilgrimage ends, not at Calvary, but at the Wailing Wall, where Fleg repents in moving prose for the things not merely he but all Israel has left undone—an atonement of unexpected and lamentable pertinence in this day when typical intellectuals and perturbed Jews in Germany are learning the meaning of Auerbach's bitter words: "We have lived and worked in vain."

It is true, as Ludwig Lewisohn points out in his poignant introduction, that Fleg has not yet surrendered to the Jew within him. He still doubts—and hopes—as so many men, in other ways, doubt and hope for the morrow.

Better proofreading and the use of English forms for Biblical and Palestinian place names would help the reader; and the translation would not suffer from a closer attention to French idioms.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

A Revolutionist's Handbook

Toward the Seizure of Power. By V. I. Lenin. Two volumes. International Publishers. $5.

THE papers here collected were written by Lenin in the twelve weeks that passed between the rise of Kerensky in July, 1917, and the Bolshevik revolution in November. Not all of Lenin's papers covering that period are here, for many political letters and newspaper notes are still to be discovered. "Toward the Seizure of Power," though it was not intended as such, is actually a revolutionist's handbook. Lenin laid down, primarily for the guidance of the Bolsheviks and the friendly workers and small peasants, but also to clarify his own mind, numerous rules and principles by which the revolution was to be made. These are most clearly set forth in the first volume under the heading, On the Road to Insurrection. Although Lenin at the time was being mercilessly persecuted by the Kerenskys, Tseretelis, Chernovs, and Dans, there is in these papers no trace of rancor or vindictiveness. Instead, we find cold determination, dispassionate reasoning, the will to achieve,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which anger and vindictiveness have no place. We already know that the Socialist Revolutionaries and the Mensheviks, by their policy of blind compromise, so involved themselves with the Constitutional Democrats, the bourgeoisie, in the name of "democracy," that by the end of July—or more fairly stated, after the Kornilov revolt in September—they were on their way to deliver the workers and peasants into the hands of the counter-revolution. Lenin alone, these papers make clear, seems to have known precisely where he was going and what he wanted. Therein lies the secret of the success of the Bolshevik uprising.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Films

A Hollywood Trio

ALL three of the pictures seen this week leave one with a renewed feeling of confidence that Hollywood is moving toward an increasing higher level of mentality and taste in its productions. None of these pictures, to be sure, is a masterpiece, none is without its serious faults, but at the same time none is without some element of distinction in its story or direction which makes it worth seeing. "Private Jones" at the New Roxy, for example, is one of the most effective anti-war pictures that have yet been offered—although it does fall to pieces structurally somewhere toward the middle. The version of Lester Cohen's novel "Sweepings" at the Radio City Music Hall is impressive in theme and subject matter, even though the excessive histrionics of Lionel Barrymore throughout cancel some of its best effects. And "A Lady's Profession" at the Rialto is acted with such suavity and directed with such inspiration that we forget that it is, after all, nothing more than a pretty trivial sort of farce.

"Private Jones" is an unusually forceful because consistently objective satire of war-time America. The intermingled idealism and hypocrisy of the period are brought out in a series of sharp-edged characterizations—the "dollar-a-year" executive who is carrying on an affair with his secretary, the earnest young lieutenant from Plattsburg, the Y. M. C. A. girls of both sexes, the lecturer on "hygiene." Never have any of these familiar types been resurrected so vividly or presented with quite the same quality of blithe savagery. Never certainly in any American picture about the war have we been introduced to a hero who is no more or less than a pretty clear example of a draft-dodger. Lee Tracy, as the sympathetic young ne'er-do-well whose wisecracks puncture the atmosphere of bloated patriotism around him, creates a type that is altogether new to the pictures. His performance is shaded exactly right from beginning to end. Indeed, the only difficulty is that before he is through he makes his loud-mouthed slacker so real that he is as objectionable to the audience as he is to the characters in the play. Perhaps the ending of the film illustrates better than anything else the peculiarly hard-boiled attitude that distinguishes it from the usual run of war pictures. The hero does not in the end get the girl. It is the pompous young lieutenant who carries off the spoils, and the hero is last seen peeling potatoes in the camp kitchen as he has done throughout most of the war. It is all very futile, very Chaplinesque.

For the rich entertainment of "A Lady's Profession" the director, the actors, and the script-writer deserve credit to about an equal degree. The story is based on a genial fantasy by Nina Wilcox Putnam, with certain apologies, perhaps, to P. G. Wodehouse. None of its farcical possibilities—the plot centers around the efforts of a couple of bankrupt English aristocrats to retrieve their fortunes by running a speakeasy in New York—

OXFORD BOOKS

Aristophanes
A Study
By GILBERT MURRAY
A modern study of the famous Greek dramatist, his audience and his times, by the well-known authority "who has probably done more to make Greek drama familiar to the present day than any man living."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.50

Tapestry:
The Mirror of Civilization
By PHYLLIS ACKERMAN
A vivid and highly readable world history in terms of tapestry. Here is the moving panorama of civilization seen from a new angle; the changing face and character of man's progress in a brilliant study by a world authority.
With 48 illustrations, $4.75

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary
"The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary is a child of the greatest of all English dictionaries, and produced with amazing skill . . . more than a dictionary, a mellow history of the English language. We feel warm gratitude to the 75 years of British scholarship that lies behind it."—*Lewis Gannett.* 2 volumes, $18.00

The Odyssey of Homer
Translated into English Prose
by T. E. SHAW (Lawrence of Arabia)
The most distinguished book of the year both for the translation, the author and appearance. "Particularly glorious in this rich, new rendering."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

The Oxford Book of American Prose
Edited by MARK VAN DOREN
48 American writers, from Cotton Mather to Ring Lardner and T. S. Eliot, in long extracts, and selected by one of America's foremost critics. $3.75

The "Oxford" Groups
By DR. HENSLEY HENSON
"A brilliant and convincing criticism [of Buchanism by the Bishop of Durham] pungent in its candour, yet never bitter or unfair."—*London Times Literary Supplement.* $1.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOUR SOVIET RUSSIA

Under the Personal Leadership of One of the
FOREMOST AMERICAN AUTHORITIES ON THE U. S. S. R.

Prof. FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Of The Department of Political Science
Of the University of Chicago and Author
Of the Book "AMERICAN POLICY TOWARDS RUSSIA SINCE 1917"

He visited the U. S. S. R. in 1928 and interviewed the heads of various government departments. HE IS PARTICULARLY QUALIFIED ON HIS RETURN VISIT to evaluate the results of the Five Year Plan and the prospects of the second plan.

28 Days Under the Soviets

Sail in any of the Cunard Line Steamers and join Prof. Schuman's group on the following dates:

In Berlin July 14. In Leningrad July 19. In Hamburg July 15. In Moscow July 22.

LESS THAN $10.00 A DAY

ENTIRE TOUR—Tourist Class $279.00. First Class $510.00

AMALGAMATED TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
111 WEST JACKSON BLVD — CHICAGO

In Cooperation with Intourist and

CUNARD LINE CHICAGO

S. S. Aquitania Leaving New York on July 5th Offers Our Party Prompt Connection with the Soviet Steamer Leaving London on July 12th

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

GILBERT MILLER Presents PAULINE LORD *in*
THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN
With WALTER CONNOLLY
"The most enjoyable comedy of the season. It is almost too good to be true."—*Joseph Wood Krutch, The Nation.*
HENRY MILLER'S 124 W. 43 St. Thea. 3 Mats. Weekly, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2:45, 85c to $1.65 incl. tax. Eves. 8:45. 85c to $2.20 incl. tax.

OPENING MONDAY, APRIL 10th
JOHN KRIMSKY and GIFFORD COCHRAN *present*
THE 3 PENNY OPERA
"REVOLUTIONIZED
is the spirit of this class satirical comedy with Music, suggesting in its vitality and timely viewpoint
20th CENTURY RUSSIA"
EMPIRE THEATRE, BROADWAY AT 40th STREET

NOW SHOWING TO AND INCLUDING MONDAY, APRIL 10
American Premiere—Amkino's "RIVALS"
Produced in U. S. S. R. Combines the qualities of a charming love tale with a detailed cultural and social study. English titles.
STARTING TUESDAY, APRIL 11, FOR ONE WEEK
Amkino's "SOVIETS ON PARADE"
Cast 160,000,000. Locale 1/6 of the world.
STARS—STALIN, GORKY, RED ARMY AND WORKERS
ACME THEATRE 14th St. and Union Sq. Midnight Show Every Saturday *Rendezvous of the Intelligentsia*
Admission to 1 p. m.—15c—Except Saturdays, Sundays, and Holidays

HENRY HAZLITT
will speak over W. E. V. D. (1300k-231m) on
THE NATION's Radio Hour
Wednesday, April 12, at 8:15 P.M.

are missed by the director, Norman MacLeod, whose special talent is for the reinforcing of mood by the use of very minor details of background. Of course the acting of Roland Young and Alison Skipworth in the principal parts is as always a reward in itself; and the humorous variations on certain stock types, like American millionaires and gangsters, add further to the general excellence of the picture. "Sweepings" gives Lionel Barrymore an opportunity to play a sort of modern King Lear against the background of a great Chicago department store. The film is marred by the superficial characterization of the four children of the disappointed merchant-prince, by the episodic character of its development, and by the overemphasis in all those scenes in which Mr. Barrymore appears.

WILLIAM TROY

Some Notable Spring Books

ART, ARCHITECTURE

Ackerman, Phyllis. Tapestry: The Mirror of Civilization. Oxford University. $4.75.

Barnes, Albert C. and Violette de Mazia. The Art of Henri Matisse. Scribner. $5.

Cahill, Holger. American Folk Art. Norton. $3.50.

Hibben, Thomas. Carpenter's Tool Chest. Lippincott. $2.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

Adams, James Truslow. Henry Adams. Boni. $2.50.

Grand Duke Alexander. Always a Duke. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

Anthony, Katharine. Marie Antoinette. Knopf. $3.

Bainville, Jacques. Napoleon. Trans. Hamish Miles. Little, Brown. $3.75.

Barnes, Margaret Ayer, and Fairbank, Janet Ayer, Eds. Julia Newberry's Diary. Norton. $2.50.

Barton, William E. President Lincoln. Bobbs-Merrill. 2 vols. $7.50.

Bennett, Arnold. The Journal of, (1921-1930). Viking. Vol. III. $4.

Bishop, Morris. The Odyssey of Cabeza De Vaca. Century. $3.75.

Bradford, Gamaliel. The Journal of. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

Brett, Dorothy. Lawrence and Brett. Lippincott. $3.

Davis, Forrest. Samuel Insull. Godwin. $2.50.

Back to First Principles!

MEN WITHOUT MONEY

The Challenge of Barter and Scrip

By WAYNE WEISHAAR and WAYNE W. PARRISH

More than a million Americans have been forced to revert to primitive barter and scrip to secure a living. In this book two well-known newspaper men present a nation-wide survey of one of the most dramatic movements in the nation's history. $1.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 2 WEST 45TH ST., N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Douglas, Norman. Looking Back: An Autobiographical Excursion. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Fausset, Hugh I'Anson. The Lost Leader: A Study of Wordsworth. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Ferrero, Guglielmo. Julius Caesar. Putnam. $5.
Gide, André. The Autobiography of. Random House. $20.
Graham, Stephen. Ivan the Terrible. Yale University. $3.
Griffith, G. O. Mazzini: Prophet of Modern Europe. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Hawkins, R. L., Ed. Newly Discovered French Letters. Harvard University. $3.
Hood, Thurman L., Ed. Letters of Robert Browning. Yale University. $5.
James, Marquis. Andrew Jackson. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75.
Joad, C. E. M. Under the Fifth Rib. Dutton. $3.75.
Johnson, James Weldon. Along This Way: An Autobiography. Viking. $3.50.
Keynes, John Maynard. Essays in Biography. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Krupskaya, N. K. Memories of Lenin. Vol. II. International. 75 cents.
Lamont, Thomas W. Henry Pomeroy Davison. Harper. $3.50.
Leslie, Shane. Studies in Sublime Failure. Scribner. $3.75.
Lockhart, R. H. Bruce. British Agent. Putnam. $2.75.
Luhan, Mabel Dodge. Intimate Memories: Background. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Millin, Sarah Gertrude. Cecil Rhodes. Harper. $3.75.
Moult, Thomas. Mary Webb: Her Life and Work. Dutton. $2.50.
Murray, Gilbert. Aristophanes. Oxford University. $2.50.
Nelson, Victor F. Prison Days and Nights. Little, Brown. $2.75.
Newman, Ernest. The Life of Richard Wagner. Knopf. $5.
Parry, Albert. Garrets and Pretenders. Covici-Friede. $3.50.
Pinchon, E. and Stade, O. B. Viva Villa! Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Rachmanova, Alya. Flight from Terror. Trans. Ida Zeitlin. John Day. $2.75.
Schweitzer, Albert. My Life and Thought. Holt. $2.50.
Sinclair, Upton. Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox. Privately Printed. $3.
Tolstoy, Countess Alexandra. The Tragedy of Tolstoy. Yale University. $3.
Van Doren, Carl. Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
Vulliamy, C. E. James Boswell. Scribner. $2.75.
Wassermann, Jacob. Bula Martari: Stanley—Conquerer of a Continent. Trans. Eden and Cedar Paul. Liveright. $3.
West, Rebecca. St. Augustine. Appleton. $2.
Weigall, Arthur. Alexander the Great. Putnam. $3.75.
Wescott, Glenway. A Calendar of Saints and Unbelievers. Harper. $2.50.
Wolfe, Humbert, Ed. The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Dutton. 2 vols. $5.
Woodberry, George Edward. Selected Letters. Edited by Walter de la Mare. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
Wortham, H. E. Chinese Gordon. Little, Brown. $3.50.
Zweig, Stefan. Marie Antoinette. Trans. Eden and Cedar Paul. Viking. $3.50.

DRAMA, MUSIC

Cocteau, Jean. Orphée. Trans. Carl Wildman. Oxford University. $2.50.
Nathan, George Jean. Since Ibsen. Knopf. $1.65.
Niemann, Walter. Brahms. Trans. Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. $2.50.
Pannain, Guido. Modern Composers. Dutton. $3.75.
Saminsky, Lazare. Music of Our Day. Crowell. $3.
Waldman, Seymour. The Dead Insist on Living. Gotham House. $2.

John Drinkwater

THIS TROUBLED WORLD

There is something for each of us in these lectures where Drinkwater stands at what he conceives to be the vital moment of our civilization, and asks the question SHALL WE TRIUMPH OVER OUR DESTRUCTIVENESS?

Price, $1.50

Columbia University Press, New York City

By BRANCH CABELL

SPECIAL DELIVERY

A Packet of Replies

A brilliant decalogue consisting of ten almost witheringly luminous emotional responses of Mr. Cabell to his typical fan mail. The reader will learn much about the author and still more about human fatuity and the amorous female. "Adroit, ironic, clairvoyant. . . . I bring you my salaams."—HARRY HANSEN. "'Special Delivery' is fun to read; it must have been fun to write."—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE.
Second printing before publication. $2.50

FRANCE ON $50 • GERMANY ON $50

By Sydney A. Clark. When Mr. Clark says that you may skim the cream of worthwhile France and Germany for $50, he means exactly that. He shows you how to do it—and in comfort, too. Worth their weight in any currency. *Each* $1.90

HUMOR BY VOTE

Compiled by Hewitt H. Howland. Thirty of America's greatest living fun-makers have voted for their favorite selections of humor. Here are the best laughs of the Mark Twain era, including Mark Twain himself, Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Josh Billings, Eugene Field and many others. Don't miss them. $2.50

PEOPLE WORTH TALKING ABOUT

COSMO HAMILTON'S delightful and intimate glimpses of famous men and women of letters. *Caricatures by Massaguer.* $2.50

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO.,
4 W. 16th ST., N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Starvation Army

A vast army of Americans, men, boys and women, have taken to the road in search for food and jobs. John Kazarian, one of the wandering unemployed, tells the story of the starvation army in three successive articles beginning in this issue of *The Nation.* The heroes of his vivid case histories are the homeless of every age and class whom he has met in his wanderings over the land. It is the unadorned story of those who have nothing left, in fact, except the questionable boon of life.

Mail the Coupon Today with $1.

THE NATION 20 VESEY STREET NEW YORK

For the inclosed $1 start my one-year subscription at once. I will complete payment in four additional monthly instalments of $1 each.

State _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

4-12-33

ECONOMICS, SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, LAW

Angell, Sir Norman. From Chaos to Control. Century. $2.50.
Anonymous. Gabriel Over the White House. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Beard, Charles A., Ed. A Century of Progress. Harper. $3.
Beckhart, Benjamin Haggott, Ed. The New York Money Market. Columbia University. 4 vols. $16.
Berle, Adolf A., Jr. and Means, Gardiner C. The Modern Corporation and Private Property. Macmillan. $3.75.
Beveridge, Sir William and Others. Tariffs: The Case Examined. Longmans, Green. $2.
Clark, Evans. How to Budget Health. Harper. $4.
Davis, Horace B. Labor and Steel. International. $1.
Douglas, Paul H. Standards of Unemployment Insurance. University of Chicago. $3.
Dublin, Louis I. To Be or Not to Be: A Study of Suicide. Smith and Haas. $3.50.
Epstein, Abraham. Insecurity: A Study of Social Insurance. Smith and Haas. $3.50.
Goldstein, Joseph M. The Agricultural Crisis: Is It a Temporary Problem? John Day. $3.
Gorki, Maxim. On Guard. International. 60 cents.
Gruening, Ernest. The Electric Challenge: Power and Its Possibilities. John Day. $2.
Hawtrey, R. G. The Art of Central Banking. Longmans, Green. $5.
Henderson, Fred. The Economic Consequences of Power Production. John Day. $1.75.
Henderson, Fred. Money, Power, and Human Life. John Day. $1.75.
Hirst, Francis W. Money: Gold, Silver and Paper. Scribner. $2.
Hodson, H. V. Economics of a Changing World. Smith and Haas. $2.50.
Hutchins, Grace. Women in Industry. International. $1.
Laski, Harold J. Democracy in Crisis. University of North Carolina. $1.50.
Ludwig, Emil. Talks with Mussolini. Trans. Eden and Cedar Paul. Little, Brown. $2.75.
Mead, Edward S. and Ostrolenk. Voluntary Allotment: Planned Production in American Agriculture. University of Pennsylvania. $1.50.
Michael, Jerome and Adler, Mortimer J. Crime, Law, and Social Science. $3.50.
Miller, Herbert Adolphus. The Beginnings of Tomorrow. Stokes. $2.50.
Neilson, Francis. The Eleventh Commandment. Viking. $2.50.
Pearson, Drew and Brown, Constantine. The American Diplomatic Game. Liveright. $3.
Powell, Talcott. Tattered Banners. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Raper, Arthur. The Tragedy of Lynching. University of North Carolina. $2.50.
Rogers, James Harvey, and Edie, Lionel D. Harnessing the World's Money Power. Yale University. $2.50.
Roosevelt, Franklin D. Looking Forward. John Day. $2.50.
Roosevelt, Mrs. Franklin D. It's Up to the Women! Stokes. $1.25.
Ross, Malcolm. Machine Age in the Hills. Macmillan. $2.
Salter, Sir Arthur and Others. The Modern State: A Symposium. Century. $2.
Schmalhausen, Samuel, Ed. Recovery Through Revolution. Covici-Friede. $3.50.
Schuman, Frederick L. International Politics. McGraw-Hill. $4.
Strachey, John. The Coming Struggle for Power. Covici-Friede. $3.
Todd, Arthur J. Industry and Society. Holt. $4.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ulman, Judge Joseph N. A Judge Takes the Stand. Knopf. $3.
Ward, Harry F. In Place of Profit. Scribner. $2.50.
Werner, M. R. Little Napoleons and Dummy Directors. Harper. $1.75.
Williams, James M. Human Aspects of Unemployment and Relief. University of North Carolina. $2.50.
Wilson, Walter. Forced labor in the United States. International. $1.50.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, LITERARY HISTORY

Abercrombie, Lascelles. Poetry: Its Music and Meaning. Oxford University. $1.25.
Bach, Giovanni. A History of Scandinavian Literatures. Dial. $2.50.
Birkhoff, George D. Aesthetic Measure. Harvard University. $7.50.
Cabell, Branch. Special Delivery: A Packet of Replies. McBride. $2.50.
Drew, Elizabeth. Discovering Poetry. Norton. $2.50.
Eloesser, Arthur. Modern German Literature. Trans. Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. $3.50.
Galsworthy, John. Candelabra: Collected Essays and Addresses. Scribner. $2.
Glicksberg, Charles I. Walt Whitman and the Civil War. University of Pennsylvania. $2.50.
Harrison, G. B. Shakespeare Under Elizabeth. Holt. $3.
Harvey, Paul. The Oxford Companion to English Literature. Oxford University. $4.50.
Hill, Frank Ernest. What Is American? John Day. $2.
Little, W. and Onions, C. T., Eds. The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $18.
Praz, Mario. The Romantic Agony. Trans. Angus Davidson. Oxford University. $5.
Singer, Godfrey Frank. The Epistolary Novel. University of Pennsylvania. $3.
Williamson, Hugh Ross. The Poetry of T. S. Eliot. Putnam. $2.
Zeitlin, Jacob, Ed. The Essays of Michel de Montaigne. Knopf. 5 vols. Each $5.

FICTION

Aiken, Conrad. Great Circle. Scribner. $2.
Aldington, Richard. All Men Are Enemies. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Anderson, Sherwood. Death in the Wood. Liveright. $2.
Anonymous. This Bright Summer. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
Aveline, Claude. Madame Maillart. Trans. Hamish Miles. Dutton. $2.35.
Aymé, Marcel. The Hollow Field. Trans. Helen Waddell. Dodd, Mead. $2.
Blair, Walter, and Meine, F. J. Mike Fink: Keelboatman of the Mississippi. Holt. $3.
Benson, Stella. Pull Devil Pull Baker. Harper. $2.50.
Bowen, Elizabeth. To the North. Knopf. $2.50.
Boyle, Kay. The First Lover, and Other Stories. Smith and Haas. $2.
Brinig, Myron. The Flutter of an Eyelid. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Brontë, Charlotte. Legends of Angria. From the Early Writings of. Edited by Fannie E. Ratchford and William Clyde DeVane. Yale University. $3.50.
Caldwell, Erskine. God's Little Acre. Viking. $2.50.
Cantwell, Robert. Land of Plenty. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Carossa, Hans. Doctor Gion. Trans. Agnes Neill Scott. Ballou. $2.
Carroll, Gladys Hasty. As the Earth Turns. Macmillan. $2.

WHAT DO YOU OFFER FOR THESE

MARVELOUS BOOKS?

Frankly— like many another merchant, we have overstocked—so badly that there is not a wholesale book house with enough money to help us out. We are, therefore, doing the only possible thing—we go directly to the public and ask you to take the books—a whole trainload of them—off our hands. Take them at your own price—NO REASONABLE OFFER WILL BE REFUSED! What a break for lovers of good literature! There are no strings attached to this offer. Mark on the coupon the books you want and what you want to pay for them. Attach check or money order for the total amount, and if your offer is acceptable the books will go out to you by return mail. Otherwise your money will be promptly refunded.

Remember, these are all brand new, handsome books, printed and bound to sell for from $3.00 to $66.50, as indicated in this advertisement. Since a world of people will be fascinated by this unique offer—and even a trainload of books is not inexhaustible—it behooves you to act instantly. In this limited space we can describe only 19 titles. Others will be sent on request.

Don't let the original prices scare you. Offer what you think you can pay for them—if the offer is reasonable it will be accepted. NO OFFER WILL BE CONSIDERED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY CHECK, MONEY ORDER OR CASH.

1. THE WOMAN WHO WAS POPE by Clement Wood. A passionate portrait of the ideas and vices of The Middle Ages, centered around a woman even more glamorous than Joan d'Arc. Published at $3.
2. MY FRIENDSHIP WITH OSCAR WILDE by Lord Alfred Douglas. This is a confession in the deepest and most momentous sense of the word, and Lord Douglas could not have written more sincerely if he had done this book on his deathbed. Published at $4.
3. VOLTAIRE'S PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY, 10 volumes in 2, complete and unexpurgated. A vast encyclopaedia of wisdom touching every phase of man's life and knowledge. Hitherto unobtainable except at price mounting to $125.
4. THE PRIVATE LIFE OF FRANK HARRIS BY SAMUEL ROTH. A sensational biography of a sensational personality. Published at $3.
5. MEMOIRS AND MISTRESSES by Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell, being the Amatory Recollections of a Physician. Published at $5.
6. PADLOCKS AND GIRDLES OF CHASTITY. An account, with pungent illustrations, of the precautions against cuckoldism practiced in the Middle Ages. Published at $7.50.
7. IT NEVER COULD HAPPEN by Shaemas Osheel. A daring and delightful introduction to a new American Utopia. Published at $1.50.
8. CIRCULATION by Mary Lee Dutcher. The story of the rise and fall of a tabloid newspaper. VARIETY calls it "a literary earthquake." Published at $2.
9. EVELYN SCOTT'S PRECIPITATIONS. A volume of poems of great tenderness and passion. Published at $2.
10. CURIOSA OF FLAGELLATION, which is a history as well as a detailed exposition. Published at $10.
11. PSYCOPATHIA SEXUALIS by Kraft-Ebbing. Published at $5.00.
12. THE SEXUAL QUESTION by August Forel. Published at $5.00.
13. WAKES'S SACRED PROSTITUTION AND MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE. Published at $5.00.
14. LYDIA LINDGREN'S story entitled MY HEART IN MY THROAT: THE STORY OF A STRANGE CAPTIVITY. 700 pages of revelations that a million dollars could not suppress. Published at $3.
15. CELESTINE. A CHAMBERMAID'S DIARY by Octave Mirbeau. Before it was released by the courts this book brought as high as $75.00 a copy.
16. THE SCARLET PANSY by Robert Scully. The title explains the great novel perfectly. Published at $2.50.
17. VENUS IN FURS by Leopold Sacher von Massoch. The first complete edition in English, with the famous Rahnghild illustrations. Published at $10.00.
18. WOMAN'S DOCTOR, a Study of the Abortion of Human Life by Dr. Walter Lennox. Published at $2.50.
19. THE STRANGE CAREER OF MR. HOOVER UNDER TWO FLAGS by John Hamill. The most sensational expose of the century. Published at $3.75.

NOTE—The publishers hereby guarantee to return on the same day of receipt every unacceptable offer, plus postage, to the sender, so that you risk no loss whatever.

THE GOLDEN HIND PRESS
41 WEST 46TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

ORDER BY NUMBER WITH PRICE OFFERED

THE GOLDEN HIND PRESS, 41 W. 46th St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen:
The following are my selections with the price I offer for each:

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

☐ Send for Our Complete List

ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR TOTAL AMOUNT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colby, Merle. New Road. Viking. $2.50.
Cost, March. A Man Named Luke. Knopf. $2.50.
Cozzens, James Gould. The Last Adam. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Cronin, A. J. Grand Canary. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Cummings, E. E. Eimi. Covici-Friede. $3.
Cuthbert, Clifton. Thunder Without Rain. Godwin. $2.50.
Davies, Rhys. Count Your Blessings. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
Deutsch, Babette. Mask of Silenus: A Novel About Socrates. Simon and Schuster. $2.
Dreiser, Theodore. The Stoic. Liveright. $2.50.
Eckstein, Gustav. Kettle. Harper. $2.50.
Fallada, Hans. Little Man, What Now? Trans. Eric Sutton. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
Farrell, James T. Gas-House McGinty. Vanguard. $2.50.
Ferber, Edna. They Brought Their Women. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Ford, Ford Madox. The Rash Act. Long and Smith. $2.50.
Frank, Bruno. Adventure in Venice. Trans. H. T. Lowe-Porter. Ballou. $2.50.
Frank, Leonhard. The Singers. Trans. Cyrus Brooks. Holt. $2.
Freeman, H. W. Pond Hall's Progress. Holt. $2.
Gale, Zona. Papa La Fleur. Appleton. $1.50.
Garnett, David. Pocahontas: The Nonparell of Virginia. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Gessner, Robert. Broken Arrow. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
Gibbon, Lewis Grassic. Sunset Song. Century. $2.
Gibbons, Stella. Cold Comfort Farm. Longmans, Green. $2.
Gorki, Maxim. Other Fires. Appleton. $3.
Halper, Albert. Union Square. Viking. $2.50.
Hemmer, Jarl. A Man and His Conscience. Trans. F. H. Lyon. Liveright. $2.50.
Herbst, Josephine. Pity Is Not Enough. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Hersch, Virginia. Storm Beach. Harper and Bros. $2.
Hull, Helen. Hardy Perennial. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
Jerman, Sylvia Paul. Prelude to Departure. Harper. $2.
Lancaster, G. B. Pageant. Century. $2.50.
Lardner, Ring. Lose with a Smile. Scribner. $2.
Lawrence, D. H. The Lovely Lady. Viking. $2.
Lewis, Sinclair. Ann Vickers. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Levin, Meyer. The New Bridge. Covici-Friede. $2.
Lewisohn, Ludwig. This People. Harper. $2.50.
McHugh, Vincent. Sing Before Breakfast. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
McKay, Claude. Banana Bottom. Harper. $2.50.
Mainwaring, Daniel. One Against the Earth. Long and Smith. $2.
March, William. Company K. Smith and Haas. $3.
Nathan, Robert. One More Spring. Knopf. $2.
Paterson, Isabel. Never Ask the End. Morrow. $2.50.
Pirandello, Luigi. One, None and a Hundred Thousand. Trans. Samuel Putnam. Dutton. $2.75.
Pound, Arthur. Around the Corner. Sears. $2.50.
Powys, T. F. The Two Thieves. Viking. $2.50.
Pryce-Jones, Alan. Hot Places. Knopf. $2.50.
Rawlings, Marjorie Kinnan. South Moon Under. Scribner. $2.
Romains, Jules. Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté. Trans. Warre B. Wells. Knopf. Vol. I. $3.
Romanof, Panteleimon. The New Commandment. Scribner. $2.
Scott, Evelyn. Eva Gay. Smith and Haas. $2.50.
Shapiro, Julian L. The Water Wheel. Duffield and Green. $2.50.
Shaw, Bernard. The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Singer, I. J. The Sinner. Trans. Maurice Samuel. Liveright. $2.50.
Squire, J. C. "This Bloody Turf." Knopf. $2.50.
Spencer, R. E. The Incompetents. Knopf. $2.50.
Stern, G. B. Long Lost Father. Knopf. $2.
Stout, Rex. Forest Fire. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
Strong, L. A. G. Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow. Knopf. $2.50.
Tagore, Rabindranath. The Golden Boat. Trans. Bhabani Bhattacharya. Macmillan. $1.50.
Thompson, Edward. Damascus Lies North. Knopf. $2.50.
Tomlinson, H. M. The Shows of Helicon. Harper. $2.50.
Trevelyan, G. E. Appius and Virginia. Putnam. $2.
Wassermann, Jacob. The Dark Pilgrimage. Trans. Cyrus H. Brooks. Liveright. $2.50.
Wharton, Edith. Human Nature. Appleton. $2.
Woodward, W. E. The Case of Evelyn Prentice. Knopf. $2.50.

HISTORY

Adams, James Truslow. The March of Democracy. Scribner. Vol. II. $3.50.
Asbury, Herbert. The Barbary Coast. Knopf. $3.
Bandholtz, Major General Harry Hill. An Undiplomatic Diary. Columbia University. $3.50.
Beard, Mary R. America Through Women's Eyes. Macmillan. $3.50.
Brandt, Joseph A. Toward the New Spain. University of Chicago. $4.
Croce, Benedetto. History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century. Trans. Henry Furst. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
Davis, Jerome, Ed. The New Russia: Between the First and Second Five-Year Plans. John Day. $2.50.
Harbord, General James G. America in the Great War. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Harvey, Edwin D. The Mind of China. Yale University. $3.50.
Kastein, Josef. A History of the Jews. Trans. Huntley Paterson. Viking. $5.
Kawakami, K. K. Manchoukuo: Child of Conflict. Macmillan. $2.
Lengyel, Emil. The Cauldron Boils. Dial. $2.50.
Lippmann, Walter. The United States in World Affairs, 1932. Harper. $3.
Marriott, Sir John A. R. Oxford: Its Place in National History. Oxford University. $2.
Mowrer, Edgar Ansel. Germany Puts the Clock Back. Morrow. $2.50.
Petrie, Sir Charles. The Stuart Pretenders. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
Preston, John Hyde. Revolution: 1776. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Rosenberg, Arthur. History of Bolshevism. Trans. Ian Morrow. Oxford University. $4.50.
Runciman, Steven. Byzantine Civilization. Longmans, Green. $5.
Schlesinger, Arthur Meier. The Rise of the City: 1878-1898. Macmillan. $4.
Siegfried, André. South America. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Skinner, Constance Lindsay. Beaver, Kings, and Cabins. Macmillan. $3.
Tawney, R. H. Land and Labor in China. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Tobenkin, Elias. Stalin's Ladder: War and Peace in the Soviet Union. Minton, Balch. $2.50.
Trotzky, Leon. The History of the Russian Revolution. Trans. Max Eastman. Simon and Schuster. Vol. II. $3.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Turner, Frederick Jackson. Significance of the Sections in the United States. Holt. $3.
Van Loon, Hendrik Willem. What I Have Learned from History. Boni. $2.50.
Villard, Oswald Garrison. The German Phoenix. The Story of the Republic. Smith and Haas. $2.50.

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, EDUCATION, SCIENCE, ANTHROPOLOGY

Beebe, William and Tee-Van, John. The Field Book of the Shore Fishes of Bermuda. Putnam. $3.50.
Bragg, William. The Universe of Light. Macmillan. $3.50.
Colette. The Pure and Impure. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Cohen, Morris R. Law, Reason, and the Social Order: Essays in Legal Philosophy. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
Dantzig, Tobias. Form: A Study in the Relativity of Geometrical Concepts. Long and Smith. $3.
Deutsch, Helene. Psychoanalysis of the Neuroses. Trans. Robson Scott. Ballou. $4.
Eddington, Sir Arthur. The Expanding Universe. Macmillan. $2.
Ellis, Havelock. Psychology of Sex. Long and Smith. $3.
Geiger, George Raymond. The Philosophy of Henry George. Macmillan. $3.
Goldenweiser, Alexander. History, Psychology, and Culture. Knopf. $5.
Haldane, J. B. S. Science and Human Life. Harper. $2.50.
Harding, M. Esther. The Way of Women. Longmans, Green. $3.
Hook, Sidney. Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx. John Day. $2.50.
Hoskins, R. G. The Tides of Life: The Endocrine Glands in Bodily Adjustment. Norton. $3.50.
Howard, L. O. Fighting the Insects. Macmillan. $2.50.
Huxley, Julian and Others. Science in the Changing World. Century. $2.
Jeans, James. The New Background of Science. Macmillan. $3.
Joad, C. E. M., and Lunn, Arnold. Is Christianity True? Lippincott. $2.50.
Kallen, Horace M. Individualism—an American Way of Life. Liveright. $2.
Kallett, Arthur and Schlink, F. J. 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs. Vanguard. $2.
Kellogg, W. N. and Kellogg, L. A. The Ape and the Child. McGraw-Hill. $2.75.
Kopp, Marie E. Birth Control in Practice. McBride. $3.50.
Levy, H. The Universe of Science. Century. $2.
Lorand, Sándor, Ed. Psycho-Analysis Today. Covici-Friede. $4.25.
Ludovici, Anthony M. The Secret of Laughter. Viking. $1.75.
McDougall, William. The Energies of Men. Scribner. $2.
Meyer, Adolf. Psychobiology. Holt. $1.75.
Ortega y Gasset, José. The Modern Theme. Norton. $2.
Parshley, H. M. The Science of Human Reproduction. Norton. $3.50.
Powdermaker, Hortense. Life in Lesu. Norton. $4.
Powys, John Cowper. A Philosophy of Solitude. Simon and Schuster. $2.
Reichenbach, Hans. Atom and Cosmos: The World of Modern Physics. Macmillan. $2.
Rongy, A. J. Abortion: Legal or Illegal? Vanguard. $2.
Russell, Dora. Children: Why Do We Have Them? Harper. $2.50.
Shorey, Paul. What Plato Said. University of Chicago. $5.
Sullivan, J. W. N. The Limitations of Science. Viking. $3.
Thompson, Arthur R. Nature by Night. Ballou. $3.50.
Turck, Fenton B. The Action of the Living Cell; Macmillan. $3.50.

A THEATRE FESTIVAL TOUR TO SOVIET RUSSIA

Leader:
HAROLD CLURMAN,
Director of The Group Theatre.

THE significant achievements of the Soviet Stage will pass in review of a ten-day festival in Moscow, June 1-10. The great plays, ballets, and operas which have made Moscow the theatrical capital of the world will be presented. Back stage meetings with actors and directors; visits to training schools, conservatories, and museums of the theatre; lectures by Lunacharsky, Stanislavsky, Tairov.

Round Trip, including theatre tickets, $475; sailing direct to Leningrad, S.S. Berlin, May 10

The OPEN ROAD
COOPERATING WITH INTOURIST
RUSSIAN TRAVEL DEPT., 56 WEST 45th ST., NEW YORK

□ SUMMER BUNGALOWS □

5 MONTHS (MAY TO OCT.) OF IDEAL VACATIONING FOR THE FAMILY AT
PINE LAKE PARK
PEEKSKILL . . . . N. Y.
(50 min. from Grand Central)
IN THE SCENIC BLUE MOUNTAINS OF WESTCHESTER
HIGH, DRY AND BEAUTIFUL

ALL land and water sports on premises and only 6 miles to Mohansic Golf Course. Interesting program for adults; camp for children (ages 4-16). ALL INCLUDED IN RENT. Desirable bungalows still available . . . 2 and 3 rooms, enclosed porches, kitchenette, showers, bath, furnished and equipped with gas and electricity. General store on grounds. Bus service at nominal charge to and from Harmon station (75 trains daily). Low commutation rates.

RENTALS FOR SEASON : $250 - $275 - $375

Also choice homesites for sale at reasonable prices.

New Parkway Vistas, Pine Lake Park, Peekskill, New York
Phone Peekskill 2729

Directions: Albany Post Road past Croton to Chimney Corners. Turn right up Furnace Dock Rd. to property.

Other SUMMER advertising on page iii

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White, William A. Crimes and Criminals. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Whitehead, Alfred North. Adventures of Ideas. Macmillan. $4.
Winter, Ella. Red Virtue. Human Relationships in the New Russia. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

POETRY

Benét, William Rose, Ed. Fifty Poems: An Auto-Anthology. Duffield and Green. $2.
Cook, Harold Lewis. Spell Against Death. Harper. $2.
Crane, Hart. Key West and Collected Poems. Liveright. $3.
De la Mare, Walter. The Fleeting, and Other Poems. Knopf.
Faulkner, William. A Green Bough. Smith and Haas. $1.75.
Gregory, Horace. No Retreat. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Jeffers, Robinson. Give Your Heart to the Hawks. Liveright. $2.50.
Lawrence, D. H. Last Poems. Viking. $2.50.
Pound, Ezra. A Draft of XXX Cantos. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Woodberry, George Edward. Selected Poems. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, ARCHAEOLOGY

Colum, Padraic. Other Roads in Ireland. Macmillan. $3.50.
Fleg, Edmond. The Land of Promise. Trans. Louise Waterman Wise. Macaulay. $2.
Guedalla, Philip. Argentine Tango. Harper. $3.
Leonard, Jonathan Norton. Men of Maracaibo. Putnam. $2.50.
Lowenthal, Marvin. A World Passed By: Scenes and Memories of Jewish Civilization in Europe and North Africa. Harper. $3.50.
Marshall, Robert. Arctic Village. Smith and Haas. $3.
Riesenberg, Felix. Log of the Sea. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Thompson, J. Eric. Mexico Before Cortez. Scribner. $2.50.
Tschiffely, A. F. Tschiffely's Ride. Simon and Schuster. $3.

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN GUNTHER is the Vienna correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*.

NORMAN THOMAS is the author of "America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy."

E. A. SHERMAN is in the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and MORRIE RYSKIND are the authors of the Pulitzer prize play, "Of Thee I Sing."

ELLEN GLASGOW is the author of many novels, of which the latest is "The Sheltered Life."

CLIFTON FADIMAN is at work on a book of criticism entitled "American Life and American Novelists."

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH, author of "The Outlook for American Prose," is professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

DOROTHY BREWSTER is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG writes articles and book reviews for various periodicals.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "Brother and Brother," and other novels.

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

KENNETH BURKE is the author of "Counterstatement."

CARLETON BEALS is the author of "Porfirio Díaz" and "The Mexican Maze."

ARTHUR WARNER is the author of "A Landlubber's Log."

MARVIN LOWENTHAL is the author of "A World Passed By: Scenes and Memories of Jewish Civilization in Europe and North Africa."

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
At Cooper Union
8th Street and Astor Place at 8 o'clock
Admission Free

Friday, April 7th
EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
"Karl Marx: Critique of Political Economy—Justice vs. The Capitalist System."

Sunday, April 9th
PROFESSOR HARRY A. OVERSTREET
"Must We Choose Between Individualism and Collectivism?"

Tuesday, April 11th
DOCTOR HENRY J. FRY
"Experimental Methods: The Rabbit-Ear and Tadpole-Tail Techniques: Other Methods of Cell Study."

INSTRUCTION

LANGUAGES Conversationally taught for immediate use.
Private lessons 60c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers. Universal School of Languages, 1265 Lexington Av. (85th) Est. over 26 yrs. ATwater 9-5123

3½c PER DAY PAYABLE MONTHLY
LEARN ANY LANGUAGE BY actually conversing with natives and linquists at this center of unique activities. Cosmopolitan, congenial. All Language Club, Town Hall Annex, 125 W. 43d. LOngacre 5-8071. Noon-Midnight. Also Sundays.

Learn languages at home by World's Easiest, Quickest Method. Free Demonstration. LINQUAPHONE INSTITUTE. 10 E. 43 St., N. Y.

RESTAURANT

WELCOME TO THE
VOLGA
RUSSIAN RESTAURANT
Genuine Domashnjaia Kuchnya
Home Cooking — Inexpensive
76 W. 48 St.—East of 6 Ave.

OPEN SHELF

CURIOUS BOOKS Send for Catalogue of Privately Printed Unexpurgated Items Exotically Illustrated Limited Editions
THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. N, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE KEY TO LIFE
ROSICRUCIAN MYSTERIES
FREE INTRODUCTORY BOOK
---explains the practical, useful, modern teachings of the Rosicrucians. (Non-Religious) Dignified, uplifting, mental and metaphysical principles easily used to overcome life's obstacles. Write for FREE book, "The Wisdom of the Sages" and learn how to receive this knowledge. Address: Scribe **N.S.E.**
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
San Jose (AMORC) California

NEWS REEL

NOW
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
on the
MOONEY CASE, League of Nations, Women, Manchuria, Ireland, Technocracy, Dictatorship, Human Race, Democracy, etc., etc.
The living, walking, talking encyclopedia!
A liberal education in 8 minutes!
SEE AND HEAR
the perpetual paradox the gargantuant gadfly
GREATEST SHOW(off) ON EARTH!
Continuous daily 10 A.M. to Midnight
Admission 25c at all times
EMBASSY NEWS REEL THEATRE
1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Streets

IT MAY SEEM EARLY TO YOU BUT—

This is the time to rent your apartment for the Summer—and—find a home in the country.

Rates: Minimum 3 lines (18 words).....$1.86
Each additional 6 words..... .62

THE NATION
20 Vesey St., New York City

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED